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PART XIII.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

“GRATITUDE,” says a certain caustic definition, “is a lively sense of future favours.” If this be true of the world in general, it emphatically holds good in the case of editors in their feelings towards their readers. Whether or not, in our own case, some less interested motives mingle with our “gratitude” of this purely selfish kind, we plead guilty to the charge, that in now addressing the subscribers to our Journal, we have a hopeful eye to the future, as well as a grateful recollection of the past. A year ago we ventured to express to our friends our hopes, that the improvement we were about to make in the character of the *Rambler* would ensure it some addition to its number of subscribers; and the first twelve-month of our new Series being now completed, it seems but graceful and natural once more to step forward in our proper person, and to state that the result has more than answered our utmost expectations. Our circulation has increased by more than fifty per cent; while we have reason to believe that the *Rambler* has found its way into quarters where no such publication was ever before permitted to enter. Such an advance, we may say with unaffected sincerity, is not only a cause for more than mere editorial gratitude for the past, but is a stimulus to renewed exertions, that we may not fail in answering the wishes and expectations of our many friends. From causes, indeed, over which they have no control, we have not reaped the full amount of advantage which might be supposed from the increase in our sale. The rise of prices during the last year has in no quarter been more felt than in the production of paper; to say nothing of other items of cost. Chiefly from the great scarcity of materials, paper is now a far more formidable portion of our monthly bills than it used to be; and we need hardly remind the reader, that in the case of a journal which gives for 4s. 6d. the same amount of matter which Quarterlies give for 6s., the cost of paper is always a

serious matter. In some instances Journals have actually raised their selling-price to the public in consequence of this rise in the paper-market. We have, however, continued to give the same quantity of matter as before,—indeed, we have to some extent increased it,—and our price remains unchanged.

As to the future, no observant person can watch the changes of the times without perceiving that the position of those who put forth their opinions to the world becomes every day more responsible; and that the duties of a Catholic journalist are more important, and in some respects more difficult, than ever. Year after year, She whom we feebly but sincerely serve is assuming a more prominent station before the people of this country, and developing more widely and practically her own resources. Presumptuous, therefore, in no slight degree, must those be who could venture to publish their own ideas on questions of the most intense interest and vital moment, without at times almost shrinking from their self-imposed task, and trembling at what must almost appear their own audacity. If there are any who may have thought that such *ought* to be the feelings of the conductors of the *Rambler*, we can honestly assure them that such they *are*. If we occasionally seem to speak dogmatically, it is from no real dogmatism or rash self-confidence: but simply because they who feel warmly naturally write strongly; and because it is impossible for a writer to be perpetually stating the precise degree of modesty and consciousness of fallibility which is actually present in his mind. Impressed, then, with such sentiments, we address ourselves to our work at the beginning of another year; again asking of our readers at once their support, their sympathy, and their kind forbearance.

JESUITISM AND ANTI-JESUITISM.

THE rise, progress, and fall of the Society of Jesus constitute one of the greatest facts in the history of the Church since the Reformation. Born at a period of disaster, of conflict, and of reform, the Society experienced in its infancy a course of difficulties much the same as that which has attended the first years of other influential religious orders. Once established, it started to maturity with extraordinary speed; and when mature, it acquired an influence, and held a position, unprecedented in the annals of religion. Then, almost suddenly, after two centuries of existence, a storm burst upon it from within and from without the Church; its powers of practical resist-

ance seemed stricken with a mortal paralysis; and in a few years, amidst the shouts of its enemies, and the tears of its friends, it fell; and its memory alone remained behind it.

Scarcely had a generation passed away, when the destroyed Society was recalled to life by the same supreme authority which had laid it low. Its second creation was as easy of execution as its extinction; but the Society has never regained its old pre-eminence and power. Its works have been noble; its spirit undying; the animosity of its foes, and the attachment of its friends, have alike been resuscitated; but it is no more the one most prominent object which attracts the eyes of the observer in the existing state of things. It is still, in many respects, the first of religious orders; but its position in the Church it has never regained.

Of the links which unite the Jesuits of the present time to their predecessors before the suppression, perhaps the most remarkable is the vehemence of feeling with which their cause is espoused or opposed by almost every one who comes across them, whether in the way of historical criticism or personal intercourse. The intensity of the agitation which shook Catholic Christendom at the time of their suppression, can, indeed, be scarcely estimated by us who live in quieter times. Still, it is rare to find the subject of Jesuitism discussed without some degree of the heat of partisanship. There is a certain something in the Society which rouses the sensibilities, the suspicions, or the admiration of Catholics of all grades to a most unusual extent. Wherever the Jesuit goes, he is ordinarily a marked man; and he cannot pursue his way without encountering far more of severe censure or extravagant eulogy than generally falls to the lot of Catholics, whether priests or laymen, seculars or religious.

The old bitterness of the anti-Jesuit controversy has recently, as most of our readers know, been revived by the publication of a book on the suppression of the Society by Father Theiner, the very learned and able Prussian ecclesiastic resident in Rome. The conduct of Clement XIV., the Pope who suppressed the Society, has from the first proved one of the most exciting, and at the same time one of the most delicate subjects which can exercise the judgment of the historian. From Protestants and anti-Jesuits, that Pontiff has naturally met with little else but extravagant eulogy; and he has been cited as the most courageous, the most enlightened, the most anti-ultramontane of Popes. No suspicion of inferior motives, no imputation of timidity or bondage, has for once been fastened by the critical world upon a Roman Pontiff. Others, writing usually from the Catholic point of view, and seeing in

the Jesuits nothing but a body of persecuted saints, and eager at all risks to hold them up to admiration, have adopted the opposite extreme of opinion, and unhesitatingly condemned Clement XIV. for his treatment of his devoted followers. Of this class of writers, Cretineau-Joly is the most conspicuous. As it has been said, in his eagerness to exonerate the children, he has slain the father; while the opposing party, in order to justify the Pope, have slain the children.

Father Theiner has entered heart and soul into the ranks of the anti-Jesuits. He holds, in a word, that the Jesuits *deserved* to be suppressed. His *History of the Pontificate of Clement XIV.* is not a justification of Clement on the ground that circumstances compelled him to make a frightful sacrifice, and that he could not have done otherwise; but on the ground that the services of the Jesuits were no longer in themselves, and as a whole, desirable to the Church. The object professed by its writer,—and we have no right to say that he had any other object in view,—was to do honour to the Holy See, and that alone. His book, however, has by no means been accepted in this light, even by many who are far from being thorough partisans of the Jesuits. It is considered that, so far from elevating the reputation of Clement, he has compromised it, by holding him up as actually led away by the malicious imputations of infidels and bad Catholics, and as insensible to the true character of the Society which was the subject of his decree.

As might have been expected, various replies have been called forth by Father Theiner's work. They have had more or less success; but will all, it seems likely, be thrown into the shade by the answer of one of the Jesuits themselves. The late general of the Society, Father Roothaan, not long before his death, wrote to Father de Ravignan on the subject of Theiner's book, expressing his own views as to the right line to be adopted in order to put the question in its true light; and acting on this, De Ravignan has brought out his *Clement XIII. and Clement XIV.* We cannot better express our sense of the results of F. de Ravignan's labours, than by saying that it is emphatically the work, not of a partisan, but of an historian. Calm, temperate, forcible, and with that self-possessed yet intense earnestness which belongs only to the highest class of French minds, it furnishes a complete picture of the historical part of the question, presented with an amount of lucid arrangement and unaffected vivacity of style which entitles its author to a very high place in the ranks of historical writers. To those who know Father de Ravignan, it is enough to say that his book is precisely what might have been ex-

pected from him. Simple, modest, shrinking from exaggeration, aiming at truth rather than originality, thinking not of himself but of his subject, and possessing a perfect mastery over the bearings and facts of that subject, he has done more than perhaps was ever done by any one person before to set this painfully-interesting question in a clear light before the eyes of every unprejudiced Catholic. That it must tell strongly in favour of the Society, which he loves with all the fervour of an honest heart, and at the same time rescue Pope Clement XIV. from the imputations which have been cast upon him, cannot, we think, be doubted for a moment. And if an augury were wanted in favour of the future progress of the Society in the respect and the affections of all good Catholics, it is surely to be found in the production of a book on one of the most exciting and blinding of subjects so free from rancour and passion, and so honourably fulfilling the promise of the motto which Father de Ravignan has placed upon his title-page:—"The Popes need nothing but the truth."

The conclusion which Father de Ravignan draws from the history of the times can be briefly stated. It is as follows:—that Clement XIV. was forced by the relations which he found subsisting between the Holy See and the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, to destroy the Society of Jesus. He never condemned the Jesuits; he never wished to condemn them; in his early days he was much attached to them. He did his utmost, according to that policy which he held to be best for the interests of religion, to postpone, if possible altogether, the suppression of the Society. In accordance, finally, with the same policy, he yielded to the demands made upon him; accounting that in the end the Catholic faith would suffer less from the loss of the Jesuits than from an open rupture with their innumerable and powerful enemies. Whether, abstractedly considered, Clement's view was correct or not, Father de Ravignan gives no opinion of his own. He merely reminds the reader, that the hostility of the anti-Jesuit monarchs to the Papacy was not, in fact, destroyed by the immense concession made to them; and that infidelity consummated its triumph after the Jesuits' fall. But he gives no hint that he believes that the Bourbons and the atheists would really have done *less* deadly mischief to Christianity if the Pope had braved their anger to the utmost, and defied them to do their worst. For ourselves, we follow Father de Ravignan's example, and express no opinion on the question; not alone out of prudence, but because the subject is really most obscure and complicated, and because it is always perilous to speculate on what would have taken place had Almighty Wisdom ruled

the world in a different manner from that which it has pleased It to adopt.

At the same time, the history of the fall of the Jesuits is so pregnant with suggestion to us, who are enabled to contemplate it with the equanimity of a subsequent century, that it is impossible not to derive some measure of practical instruction from the record of that most extraordinary event. No reflecting person can help forming some sort of an opinion as to the Jesuit question, both as respects the past history of the Society, and their present condition and future prospects. No one who has the interests of religion and humanity at heart can avoid speculating at times on that violent agitation of the mind of Christendom which ended in the suppression of so astonishingly powerful a community, or asking himself at times whether there was not some real evil, great or little, involved in the existence of a Society which Catholic princes united to assail, and which a pious, amiable, and liberal-minded Pontiff was willing to destroy.

Is it possible, then, to find any clue to guide the ordinary observer through the mazes of that wide-spread and confused controversy? With Catholic arrayed against Catholic in opinion; with such a mountain of books and pamphlets on the Jesuits and Jesuitism piled up before the eyes, that a whole life would scarcely suffice for mastering their contents; and with the strange fact that even now there exists in many minds deserving of much respect a most manifest tendency to irritability and partisanship either on one side or the other, the moment the Jesuits are brought under discussion,—is there any hope for the candid looker-on, whose sole desire it is to know facts as they were and as they are, and who aims only at doing justice to the Jesuits, without pledging himself to an indiscriminating defence of every act that has emanated from them? It may seem presumptuous if we answer this question in the affirmative. When, in the midst of the innumerable host of publications on the Society, it is difficult to lay our hands on any one book which is not distinctly devoted either to attack or to extol the Jesuits without limit, what chance can any fresh writer have of indicating a path through the controversial wilderness, which seems to have confused the eyesight of so many, so learned, and so able men before him?

We think, nevertheless, that this preliminary objection to any professed solution of the difficulty disappears when the whole case is fairly stated. The true case we conceive to be this, that while few persons have *written* on the question, except as an advocate or an enemy, many have existed, and do exist, who have thought and conversed in the most perfect

spirit of judicial impartiality. The pro and anti-Jesuit literature of the last century-and-a-half is not a fair representative of Catholic opinion. The immense mass of persons whose views have been guided by justice and moderation have usually kept silence, so far as the press is concerned; and the result has been a remarkable contrast between the candour and good sense of private life and the heat and exaggeration of public statements. If, then, we express a conviction that, after all, it is not so difficult to see one's way through the labyrinth, we are but placing on paper the ideas which are entertained by reasonable persons in every part of the Church, whose observations have led them to a satisfactory conclusion, without assuming that every Jesuit is either more or less than man.

As for the most prominent feature in the history of the suppression of the Society, it is sufficiently indicated in F. de Ravignan's book, of which we have been speaking; of which book, indeed, it is the burden. No good Catholic can avoid the conclusion, that a suppression which was the especial work of the open enemies of Jesus Christ was undeserved. Whether or not, if we may venture to introduce so awfully sacred a parallel, "it was expedient that one man should die for the people," it is one of the most incontrovertible facts in history, that the men who pushed on the suppression of the Jesuits had no regard whatever for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; they were not pious, devoted, self-sacrificing persons, whether ecclesiastic or lay, who conscientiously disapproved of the conduct and principles of the Jesuits. Here and there, no doubt, such persons were to be found in the Church, who did not resist the suppression, who might even desire it, and who feebly joined to swell the cry against the Society; but it is not fair to pretend that the Society fell before the assaults of such respectable foes as these; its real destroyers were of two classes—kings and politicians, who openly disobeyed the moral precepts of Christianity, and avowed the principle that Christianity ought to be obedient, as an instrument, to the temporal power, which alone is practically supreme; and the infidels of the modern school of "philosophy," which, originating with English atheists of the school of Hobbes and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, found its final development under the leadership of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the rest of the French sceptics. We cannot, of course, enter into any very lengthened proof of these facts; but a few illustrations will be amply sufficient to enable an observer to form his opinion.

The Pope himself, Clement XIV., saw through the whole pretences of the enemies of the Jesuits as clearly as any one.

Monino, the ambassador of Charles III. of Spain, one of the most bitter of the anti-Jesuit sovereigns, relates in a despatch, that the Pope had told him distinctly that he saw the real aim of his master. "I have long seen," said Clement, "to what they wish to arrive: it is the ruin of the Catholic religion; schism, perhaps heresy,—this is the secret intention of the monarchs."

D'Alembert, one of the most distinguished and influential of the infidel party, openly exulted in the knowledge that the French parliament and the Jansenists were but the tools of the atheistical "encyclopædists" in attacking the Jesuits. "The parliaments," he writes to Voltaire (May 4, 1762), "think they are serving religion; but they are serving reason without regarding it; they are exacting strict justice on behalf of philosophy, whose orders they receive without knowing it. It is not the Jansenists alone who are killing the Jesuits, *it is the encyclopædia.*"

Voltaire's horrible blasphemy would be too revolting for quotation, but that it is necessary to show that the cause of the Society was identified with that of Him whose name it bore. "Once," said he, writing to Helvetius, in 1761, "that we have destroyed the Jesuits, we shall have fine sport with Jesus Christ."*

When the work was done, Voltaire thus congratulated the Marquis of Villevieille: "I rejoice with my brave chevalier in the expulsion of the Jesuits. Oh, that we could exterminate all monks, who are worth nothing more than these knaves of Loyola!"

As for the kings, who gave an appearance of decency and regard for authority to a movement which aimed at the subversion of all laws, divine and human, they betrayed incessantly by the tone of their language that their sole object was the repression of a spiritual power which they found it impossible to reduce to submission to their selfish tyranny. At this fatal period the Catholic sovereigns of Europe were united in a deadly war against every thing that opposed their personal absolutism; themselves, for the most part, feeble in intellect, they were served by ministers who to a considerable degree of skill in the art of controlling the people and the nobles united an utter disregard of religious principle, and made the abolition of the Papal Supremacy over each national Church the key-stone of their political systems. In the carrying out these hateful theories the Jesuits were an unconquerable obstacle. Yielding to the purely secular demands of the sove-

* We suppress the frightful term which Voltaire was wont to apply to our Blessed Lord, and which he here uses in the original.

reigns to an extent which we think occasionally mistaken, on the point of the Papal Supremacy they stood invincible and incorruptible. With education and the guidance of souls in the hands of the "knaves of Loyola," the establishment of national Churches against the authority of Rome was simply impossible.

The Jesuits, therefore, must be destroyed; they must be destroyed, however, perfectly legally, with decency, propriety, and at the same time effectively. No banishment from the soil of this or that country would suffice; if they existed on the face of the earth, they might return and trouble the repose of deified despotism. For this end no authority less than that of the Holy See would suffice; as one Pope had created the Society of Jesus, another must annihilate it. A league, accordingly, was entered into by these eminently "Catholic" princes, to force the Pope to abolish Jesuitism altogether. Their plan was, to threaten the Holy Father with menaces which must make him tremble for the general interests of religion, in case he refused to grant their desires. The whole matter resolved itself into a question of policy: would it be better to sacrifice the Jesuits, or to see France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Parma, Venice, erect themselves into so many schismatic kingdoms, to be led on from one crime to another, and finally, perhaps, to emulate the example of the English Henry and Elizabeth, the open persecutors of the Catholic Church? One Catholic potentate alone stood firm. The greatest woman, nay, the greatest sovereign of her age, Maria Teresa of Austria, stood aloof from this conspiracy, in which the house of Bourbon led the way in trampling alike on the rights of the Christian and the liberties of mankind. Frightful and shameful indeed has been the after-destiny of this bitter anti-Jesuit family. The children of Maria Teresa have sat firmly on her throne; and after the shocks of a century of revolutions, her descendant is the only monarch of the old Catholic reigning families who now remains great and popular. The Bourbons, who seemed to have Catholic Europe almost in their grasp, have become a by-word for all that is feeble or faithless; and Europe pities every people that may still come under their sway.

While Benedict XIV. lived, it was supposed by some persons that it was possible that an arrangement might be made under the auspices of that great Pontiff, by which a reconciliation should be effected between the Jesuits and their enemies. On his death, Clement XIII. (Rezzonico) opposed the whole tenacity of his character and devotion to the resistance of the demands of the kings. When Clement died, the monarchs prepared for the crisis without a vestige of scruple

or hesitation; their intrigues in the conclave which was to elect the new Pope assumed the character of an unconcealed dictation, the one point on which they insisted being the destruction of the Jesuits by the Pontiff about to be chosen. Their power among the Cardinals was so skilfully employed, that though the anti-Jesuit Cardinals were decidedly in the minority, a Cardinal was chosen of whom the suppression of the Society was undoubtedly expected. Ganganelli, a Franciscan, amiable, accomplished, pious, and of excellent abilities, was placed in the Chair of Peter, and took the title of Clement XIV. From the moment of his accession he suffered no rest from the Bourbons and their fellow-conspirators; at length he gave a promise in writing that he would suppress the Jesuits, and when that step was taken, he was persecuted till the Society should be no more. On the 21st of July, 1773, the brief of abolition was signed. The entire history of the machinations of the kings and the philosophers is given at length in F. de Ravignan's history; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that a more mournful and distressingly-interesting episode is scarcely to be read in the pages of the history of the Christian Church. As for the Jesuits themselves, they proved that many of the charges against them were false, by the absolute and unrepining submission which they rendered to the decree of the Supreme Pontiff.*

Such, then, is the great palpable fact which meets the eye of the inquirer at the outset of his investigation; so far the question is solved: the Jesuits were offered up a sacrifice, to appease the wrath of those who either avowedly hated Jesus Christ, or who sought to bind His Vicar in the chains of kingly domination. On this point we cannot forbear quoting the noble and affecting words with which F. de Ravignan concludes his history; words fervent with simplicity, and touching from the humility they breathe in every syllable. He quotes the well-known saying of M. de Ronald: "All the world knows that the expulsion of the Jesuits was the work of the passions, and the triumph of false doctrines; . . . if a Pope under constraint suppressed the Jesuits, a Pope in freedom re-established them;" and then he breaks out, with all the eloquence of a wounded heart:

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding the weightiest testimonies, notwithstanding the reparation made by true and impartial history, notwithstanding the solemn restoration pronounced by the Vicars of Jesus Christ, I cannot conceal from myself

* It ought always to be remembered, that the Brief of Abolition, while reciting the crimes of which the Jesuits were *accused*, pointedly abstains from expressing any belief that those accusations were deserved.

that the Society of Jesus always meets with hostile opinions, blind prejudices, and an opposition lasting and often full of hatred. Whence comes, then, I ask myself, this permanent aversion, of which the children of St. Ignatius have been the object at all times and in all places? I declare, in sincerity of conscience, and after a long study supported by facts, that this is a condition of affairs which I believe to be, humanly speaking, inexplicable. Whence, in fact, comes this hatred, this horror of the very name of Jesuit, in the minds not only of men condemned by public opinion for their impiety and anti-social doctrines, but also of certain men whose conduct, morals, learning, and perhaps piety, are well known?

“I willingly bow my head and humble myself without a reply, submitting myself to the justice of the Supreme Judge; but with the most confident conviction that this is an error, involuntarily adopted by these honourable adversaries.

“Nevertheless, I allow myself to ask in my turn a question:

“If the accusations urged against the Jesuits are well founded; if it is true that they have corrupted the morals of Christianity; that by a fatal laxity they have opened the door to all kinds of vice, under the mask of piety, as Pascal accused them of doing; if it is true that they have preached insubordination, instigated people to rise against their rulers, and even sharpened the regicide's dagger; if, on the other hand, they have fostered tyrannical and retrograde notions and changes; if, by the nature of their institute and spirit, they are and must be given to disturbance, to chicanery and intrigue; if they are thus guilty of the most contradictory prevarications, imbued at the same time with the most revolutionary and the most oppressive opinions and principles,—how is it that tyrants have hated them and banished them? How is it that those who are the disturbers of the public peace, the enemies of all social order and all authority, have reviled them, persecuted them, and proscribed them in every way? Whence comes the inextinguishable hatred of these men, who ought to find in the morals and conduct of the Jesuits a justification of their own vices and crimes? How is it that they have not loved and caressed these prevaricating religious, since they must have found in them their own accomplices? How is it that they have not recognised and accepted these intriguers and busy-bodies (as they were called by Charles III. of Spain) as useful and powerful auxiliaries? How?—but I stop; these questions are my reply. Injustice has lied against itself, says the Holy Ghost: these contradictions are inexplicable, on the supposition that the accusations are true; grant them to be false, and then every contradiction, every difficulty disappears.

Here, then, is the true case: against the Jesuits all the enemies of the Church, all the enemies of social happiness and order, have leagued with a savage union and steadfastness; on the other side, the Jesuits have had,—and, thanks be to God, they still have,—among their defenders the most devoted of all the chief supporters of religion and society; they have them for their most illustrious, their truest, their most venerable friends. What is the conclusion?

“But once more: how shall I account for certain honest prepossessions existing against us? In truth, I cannot do it satisfactorily: for I examine myself; I question my conscience, my intimate knowledge of the institute, of those who have embraced it; I take into consideration the matters which make up our life, and which made up those of our fathers; and I answer to myself, No! we deserve neither this hatred nor those prepossessions. But I believe that God has heard the prayer of my blessed Father, who asked of the Lord that His children should always be the object of persecutions and trials. I believe in the hereditary traditions of certain professions and certain families, who think they would be renouncing their ancestors, if they loved and honoured that which their fathers hated—the name of Jesuit. I believe that many persons accept prejudices and opinions without judging for themselves; that they do not think it necessary to condescend to understand us better by means of studying us more close at hand. I feel also, to the bottom of my heart, that men outrage good sense, not less than justice, when they suppose us, without proof, to be capable of the greatest wickedness, or at least of intrigues, plots, machinations, and a fabulous duplicity. It would rather be true and just to accuse us of too great a confidence in the persons who surround us, and often of unskilful management only too real; and this I say most sincerely.

“But I am bound to speak the language of serious reason and faith. We are priests, religious, and men like others; like other men, we have a right that the world should suppose we have a conscience, and Christian motives for what we think and do, until our acts are shown to belie our duties. The Jesuits alone are excepted from this law of fair judgment; and here, I own, I find an inexplicable enigma. God can explain it; in the designs of His wisdom, which I adore, it is His will that a small society of religious should be the object of unceasing prejudice, hatred, and even persecution. Blessed be His Name!

“Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, owed His triumph to His poor and suffering life, to His ignominies, to His re-

nunciation of His own will, to the pains of His passion, to His death, to His burial.

“It is enough for us to understand what is our lot upon earth, and to thank the Lord for ever for it. It is in humiliations, calumnies, persecutions, labours, pains and labours misunderstood, in death itself, that we acquire our strength and our life; and it is with these arms that the Gospel has vanquished the world and hell. This is enough for my understanding and for my heart; I am silent, and I am comforted.”

Such, then, is the interpretation of the fact, that the Catholic monarchs (such as they were) of Europe united to demand the destruction of the Jesuits, and that an enlightened Pontiff granted their request. The Christian man who can see in such a fact a proof or a presumption that the Jesuits deserved the suppression, estimates human affairs by a test which is to us incomprehensible. We pass on to some other considerations, explanatory of the popular feelings against the Society of Jesus, to which Father de Ravignan does not refer, but which bear directly on the question at issue, and which we think will furnish the candid observer with a light to guide him through the gloom of controversy.

It appears, then, to us purely impossible that, were not the Jesuits, as a body, thoroughly Christian, self-denying, and upright in their motives, and perfectly sound in their practical morals, their works should have been and be what they have been and are. We say nothing of individual exceptions; we do not attempt to justify even questionable cases of conduct or casuistry; nor do we claim for the Society any such preposterous superiority to other religious orders and other men as some of its eulogists pretend to on its behalf. We speak only of the Society as a whole; as a corporation in which some influence or other, whether bad or good, must be *predominant*; and which must give its character, as a character, to the Society, and by which, as a Society, it has an indefeasible claim to be judged. What, then, have the Jesuits done, and been doing, up to this very time, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in missions among the heathen, in dogmatic, moral, and spiritual theology, and in general science and literature? The question can be answered in a moment by every person who possesses the mere elements of a Catholic library? Turn to your shelves and take down one after another the most important and admirable treatises you know of, on dogmatic, on moral, on spiritual subjects. See who are the writers who, as a class, stand unquestionably pre-eminent for

the last three centuries; whose insight into Divine things has been most clear, whose spiritual perceptions have been most delicate and penetrating, whose grasp of theological science has been most large and vigorous. Read the record of missionary enterprise in America, in China, in Africa, among the rich, among the poor, among the free, among the slaves, among the prisoners; count up the names of those who have suffered martyrdom and all horrible sufferings for Christ's sake; cast your eye down the long list of classical editors, professors of mathematical and physical science, and labourers in general literature;—and then inquire how many of these have been members of the Society of Jesus; and when the extraordinary and astonishing sum-total has been added up, admit with us, that it is beyond the range of all possibility that such industry, such zeal, such self-sacrifice, such knowledge of spiritual things, should have come forth from a body of men governed by any spirit but that of Jesus Christ, or debased by a devotion to craft and dishonest selfishness, or antagonistic to the free cultivation of the human intelligence. If the Jesuits have not been devoted Catholic Christians, what men have been?

As to the mere *number* of books that have been published by members of the Society, it is, to those who have not examined the subject, absolutely amazing, and unquestionably betokens an activity of mind perfectly incompatible with that peculiar, slavish, designing, subtle, and intriguing character which is popularly attributed to them.* Who ever heard before, in the history of man, of persons such as the Jesuits are supposed to be, devoting themselves to such works as the Jesuits have accomplished in a profusion perfectly unparalleled? Their enemies may rage and denounce; their lukewarm friends may damn them with faint praise, and wish them all the while well out of the way; but the facts of what they have written, done, and suffered, cannot be obliterated from the past: and we declare that these facts cannot be reconciled with any theory except that which the Jesuits themselves profess regarding themselves. Observe, we do not say that they prove those extravagant encomiums which some of the *friends* of the Jesuits have put forward; or that they require us, in defending the Jesuits, to disparage other Catholics, or other men of science and letters;—all we say is, that,

* A catalogue is now in course of publication containing the names of the Jesuits who have published books, large or small, since the foundation of the Society; with lists of their writings, and the various editions they have gone through. The number of *authors* amounts to more than *ten thousand*; and the first volume, which contains the catalogue of the works of only between seven and eight hundred of these, is a closely-printed imperial octavo nearly 800 pages long.

puzzle a man as you please with *rifaccimenti* from Pascal, stories about the Molinists, rumours of craft and intrigue, and accounts of the ill-will of many good Catholics against them,—there the facts of Jesuit literature and history remain. If *they* have not served God with all their hearts and souls, who among us has thus served Him?

Another circumstance, which strongly impresses on an observer the importance of the utmost caution in believing anti-Jesuit stories, no matter by whom propagated, is the fact that these stories are almost always imputations of motives, and charges of conduct which cannot possibly be really known in all its bearings; and further, that when investigated, they usually turn out to be either entire fabrications or gross misrepresentations. Take, for instance, the notion that the Roman Jesuits were very rich,—a general idea before the last Roman Revolution. When the Revolution came, and the Jesuits were banished, the report proved totally untrue. Again, it is universally known that the Jesuits succeed remarkably well with the rich and educated; and an addition is very frequently made to this fact, to the effect that they study exclusively, or almost exclusively, to ingratiate themselves with the higher classes, leaving the poor and outcast to the secular clergy and other religious orders. But what is the fair interpretation, and the whole truth? Surely it is not to be imputed to any man, or any society, as a fault, that he or it succeeds remarkably well with the cultivated and noble? Is it wrong in a priest to attract the regard of men and women of any rank, provided it is done by lawful means? or is a skilful use of lawful means a thing to be condemned? Really, when this part of the anti-Jesuit charge is put into plain English, it evaporates into something too ridiculous to be maintained for a moment. If they neglect the poor for the sake of the rich, that is a very different matter; though even here a society has quite as much right as a private person to choose its own special work for the glory of God. If a literary man thinks fit to write or edit books for the educated few, and to leave the uncultivated multitude to others, on the ground that he succeeds better with the rich than the poor, is he to be blamed for his choice? The supposition is absurd. Just so would it be with a similar accusation against the Jesuits, if it were founded on facts; but it is not so. Read the lists of martyrs in China, and see how very many have been Jesuit. Who was Blessed Bobola, the Polish victim of Russian cruelty, but a Jesuit? who was the apostle of the negroes but a Jesuit? who worked the wonderful reforms among the convicts in the French hulks?—certain Jesuit preachers. Who lately offered him-

self at a moment's notice to penetrate and find certain death in the interior of Africa, after holding one of the most distinguished intellectual positions in the Christian world, but a Jesuit? With these things before us, we look again at the accusation, and it is gone.

Or, to turn nearer home, if we may venture on such delicate ground, the Jesuits have recently opened a handsome, comfortable, and agreeable church in the west end of London, which is naturally a very attractive place to fine ladies and gentlemen. Whether they are to be blamed for this, it is not for us to say; but *truth* requires us to state, that they have *also* taken in hand one of the poorest and most miserable of the London districts, and that they work quite as hard for the souls of the poor in the back slums of Westminster, as for the peeresses and honourables in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square.

“How, then,” rejoins the reflecting Catholic, “do you account for that peculiarity of feeling which is undeniably to be found among many Catholics with regard to the Society of Jesus? After all, with all your facts, there is a certain something about the Society, or its members, which often awakes the suspicion, and arouses the jealousies of good men. If the Jesuits are just like other good Catholics, why does this singular state of mind exist in their regard? Surely it is a striking phenomenon, to say the least, and demands an explanation consistent with the whole facts of the case. Take for instance the history of their suppression. *Why* were they unable to stem the torrent against them? With such extraordinary advantages in the way of position, and having long had such an immense portion of the education of Catholic Europe in their hands, why were their friends either so few, or so unwilling, or so powerless, to save them from destruction in their hour of trial?” This question, and other kindred difficulties alluded to, we shall now endeavour to answer.

The whole secret of the Jesuit successes, Jesuit failures, and anti-Jesuit feelings, we believe, then, is to be found in Jesuitism itself. One cause, as it appears to us, is at the root of all the varied results connected with the history of the Society. That cause is at once the source of its strength, the origin of its weakness, and the palliation, though not the justification, of those unreasonable feelings which are and have been entertained by some good Catholics against it. Of the bitter hatred of avowed infidels, and of those debased Catholics of whom the Bourbons of the last century were the type, we say nothing. Their animosity was palpably excited by what

all good Catholics think undoubtedly good in the Jesuits ; and so far from awaking doubts as to their character in the minds of devout Christians, it is rather a convincing proof that the men thus hated *must have been* most efficient soldiers in the army of Jesus Christ. Of this frenzied bitterness, whether shown by an encyclopædist, or a Bourbon in the eighteenth century, or by a Roman red-republican in the nineteenth, we do not therefore take account. *Noscitur ab inimicis* is as true an adage as *noscitur a sociis* ; and we may safely conclude that the objects of Voltaire's hatred were at any rate good Christians. It is to a very different class of observers we now address ourselves.

What, then, is the distinguishing mark of Jesuitism, which gives it its own special character ? and what is the one prominent principle on which it has acted in the effort to fulfil its labours for the greater glory of God ? Like every individual man, a religious order, if it is to rise above mediocrity, and be really *a power* among men, must have some definite character of its own. God has not given to societies, any more than to individuals, the privilege of uniting in themselves all human perfections, so as to attain so extraordinary a harmony of greatness as that no one feature shall predominate over the rest. Imperfection is the inevitable lot of humanity, whether in isolation or in union. Men who appear to possess minds equally well furnished in all respects, and who consequently have no striking defects and run into no decided extremes, are invariably people of no strongly-marked character at all. They are all one vast defect, one dull huge mediocrity. We do not remark on their faults, because their virtues are so feeble that there is nothing to bring out their shortcomings by contrast. We are not disappointed in them, because we never look for any thing beyond a mechanical or respectable routine. It is when the sun's light is most intensely bright on the landscape, that the shadows appear darkest and most sharply defined.

Our nature being thus imperfect, we are not surprised at finding in our course through life, that the faults of every great man almost invariably spring from the excessive action of certain portions of his character, through the want of a balance or a correcting power, which is denied to mortals. The instrument of their successes is incessantly the origin of their failures. Hence the truth and justice of the common maxim, "That we must take every man as he is," and not require an impossible perfection before giving him our confidence, or applauding his good deeds. When he does well, he

has a right to his reward ; when he fails, charity has a right to step in and repeat that he is but a man after all.

Now the essence of Jesuitism, in the formation of itself, is obedience to the acting authority to which it owes allegiance. This need only be stated to be accepted. It was the one great duty inculcated by St. Ignatius Loyola. It is the Jesuit's boast, it is the Jesuit's strength ; in the eye of the world, it is the Jesuit's reproach. All religious orders are based upon this principle ; but it is no reproach to others to say that the Society of Jesus has carried out this principle to an extent unequalled elsewhere. Other orders, undoubtedly, have been as wise in carrying out the system of obedience with a less degree of rigour, because they have sought their influence by some means which interfered with this absolute annihilation of the individual in the will of the superior. The same differences are seen in the discipline of the English army and navy. Each is based on the system of obedience to a superior ; but the necessities of a ship have naturally induced a more rigorous annihilation of the individual will in the navy than in the army.

By the Jesuits, however, the principle of obedience has been carried out to the fullest extent. They have ever acted on St. Ignatius' great idea, viz. a body of religious with a military organisation, of which the great features are unity, readiness for action, unquestioning submission to the decree of the commanding-officer, whether a subordinate or a chief, and generally, that entire merging of the individual opinion in the decision of the acting authorities, which is pre-eminently the duty of every soldier in the armies of the world. We do not, we beg the reader to observe, say that Jesuitism necessarily obliterates the peculiarities of the individual *character*. This we believe to be a mistake, or a calumny ; though we do not deny that Jesuitism adds a certain distinct element to the natural varieties of the mind. This is just the case in a secular soldiery. In action, individual opinion is annihilated, its sphere being solely private. Whatever may be the discussions among commanding-officers, they are not made public ; the world sees the results in action, when each person, whether private soldier or officer, has simply to obey. At the same time, the military cast of mind is peculiar to itself. It is not always palatable to civilians ; but it exists, and it always will exist, as a concomitant, or, if it pleases us better, as an infirmity, which is the necessary result of that unity and obedience without which an army is worthless. It exists, precisely like the peculiarity of Jesuitism, as an addition to the natural character ; which it unquestionably modifies, though it

does not destroy its individuality. To complain of this *esprit de corps* in military men, is to expect from them a moral and intellectual perfection of which human nature is not capable.

The extraordinary advantages which the Society of Jesus has gained by thus carrying out to the fullest extent its fundamental principle, are, of course, palpable. It has achieved results which without it would have been impossible. Not only has it preserved the Society, even when most widely spread, from falling into that relaxation of spirit which would have called for reform from the Supreme Pontiff; but it has filled Christendom with preachers, confessors, authors, and teachers, and has poured upon the Pagan world a flood of missionaries, ready and rejoicing, even at the first hint from their superiors, to do all, to suffer all, even tortures and death, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Whether each individual Jesuit has always adopted the wisest, or even perfectly justifiable means for the attainment of his glorious end, is quite another question. Nobody but fanatical eulogists pretends that they have not sometimes erred; but this was because they were men, not because they were Jesuits. Has no one else erred? Is any man immaculate? Must a Christian be omniscient and all-wise, as well as all-holy, before he is accounted either a hero or a saint? Granting that the Jesuits have made all the mistakes which can possibly be established against them, and allowing for the extravagances of casuistry into which some may have fallen, yet see what remains. See what a gigantic, what a self-sacrificing, what a heroic work has that principle of their keen-sighted founder accomplished,—a work which it is no disparagement to others to call wholly unparalleled in these modern days. Such is the result of the unity of action which unhesitating obedience ensures.

Surely, then, we cannot reasonably complain if, with this unity of action, we find at times certain peculiarities mixed up with Jesuit proceedings, which do not harmonise with the actions of others, or which create occasional "difficulties," requiring candour, forbearance, and forgiveness, among all parties concerned. Men among whom unity, organisation, and obedience are thus predominant, must now and then seem disagreeably close and cautious in their intercourse with those who are not bound by the same ties. Nor can we think it any thing more than a very pardonable weakness, if here and there a Jesuit is disposed to exaggerate the merits of other Jesuits, and to show too little sympathy with what does not emanate from his own body. We must remember that it is pre-eminently the Jesuits' plan to *mind their own affairs*; and, considering what human nature is, it is impossible but

that occasionally they should seem to wish to mind nobody else's good works. We cannot have every thing from any man; and we may rest assured, that while man is man, a corporate body which is united, active, and really effective and useful, will tend to a little exclusiveness, and will present a cautious exterior to those who are not under its jurisdiction. The idea that the Jesuits do really sympathise but little with what is external to themselves we regard as purely fictitious.

Again, those striking developments of individual genius and power, which are sometimes of such immense value among other Catholics, cannot be fairly looked for in such a Society as that of the Jesuits. Unity of action tends directly to the checking the peculiarities of the powers of those minds in which originality is strongly marked. How many persons we all of us know, of whom it is natural to say, "Such a one is not the material of which a Jesuit *could* be made." Such men are capable of accomplishing an extraordinary amount of benefit to their fellow-creatures; but it must be rather as individuals than in close union with a large body of others. Of course, this does not hold good of religious orders in their commencement, or in their local revivals; for in these cases the few great and original minds give their tone to those around them who are inferior in capacity and willing to be led. But in a large and long-established order, a man of deeply-stamped originality, and who is formed by nature for the meeting and conquering the novelties of error, finds himself cramped and overpowered by that very traditional element which is at once the guide and the sustaining life of those whose character is less unlike that of other men.

A religious order, by its very nature, when once firmly established, is essentially conservative, and unequal to rapid and extensive changes, however urgently called for. And the more compact it is, the more numerous, the more efficient in its own peculiar line, so much the more will it be devoted to the maintenance of that system, and the preservation of those traditions, under which it has achieved its noblest exploits. Its responsibilities have become so great, its *momentum* (to use a scientific term) is so largely dependent on its *vis inertiae*, that it is compelled to sacrifice some degree of that pliability, speed, and experimentalising, which are called for in our dealings with the ever-shifting world in which we live. Its members can never forget that every thing they say or do more or less compromises the entire body to which they belong. Prudence *must* become for them the most important of virtues; and if their prudence sometimes degenerates into cautiousness, and their sobriety now and then sinks into slow-

ness, we have no right to criticise them as dull, obstinate, impracticable, or as unworthy successors to their illustrious ancestors. To look for a Loyola, a Xavier, a Laynez, a Belarmine, or a Suarez, among the Jesuits of the middle of the eighteenth century, is to mistake the action of the laws of humanity, and to expect from a person of sixty the activity and originality of a man of half his age. It is much more reasonable to look for such great men now, when the Society is again rejuvenescent, comparatively small in its numbers, and with the world once more before it.

A recognition of this truth goes, we think, a great way to explain the phenomenon of the rapidity and ease of the fall of the Jesuits before the assaults of the kings and the "philosophers." They had become so powerful *in position*, that they had lost much of their real moral and intellectual power. In fact, they were too powerful, so far as the possession of place went, to be allowed by human jealousy to stand. They had too many seminaries, too many professors' chairs, too many pulpits, too many confessionals, not to awaken the anger of the bad, and to irritate the infirmities of the weak. Their own energies were dissipated in the management of affairs too extensive and too complicated for any one society to conduct with success, except in a time of peace and quiet. All they could do was to endeavour to keep things as they were, to avoid change, to stave off the evil day, to keep their penitents or flocks out of harm's way, to avoid doing wrong or giving real scandal themselves, to oppose sincerity and self-devotion to the attacks of their enemies, and to deny the grossest of the accusations heaped upon their heads. But against such foes as the infidels and the Bourbons, and in an age when the Catholicism even of pious Catholics was often dull, cold, and hesitating, what could such conservatism as this avail? All that could be said for them was what Clement XIII., their zealous friend, replied to the demand of the French king: "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*"—"Let them be what they are, or let them not be at all." They were unequal, by their very weight and numbers and historical position, to throw themselves into the combat with any such daring as would give them a chance of victory.

Their fall was also doubtless accelerated by a feature which has in some places and at times characterised their system of education, and which was a natural, but, as we think, a mistaken application of their internal system to the guidance of intellects and conscience. The great source of their strength, as every one will admit, and as we have already intimated, has been that obedience and peculiar moral character which results

from a thorough and systematic *training*. For we must not overlook the fact, that if it is obedience which makes the Jesuit, it is the *novitiate* which creates that obedience. It is during that period—and a happy and holy period it is—that the Jesuit is formed; without a long and thorough novitiate a Jesuit is a moral impossibility. And we know that the Jesuit novitiate is unsurpassed by any other religious order, and is rivalled by few; its power—gentle, sweet, and amiable as it is—is extraordinary and enduring to an extent not easily comprehended by the casual observer.

What, then, more natural than that, perceiving how satisfactory were the results of this species of training in the formation of themselves, the Jesuits should in some instances have imagined that the same system would answer equally well in the formation of pious Christians to live in the world? If a good Jesuit can be made by rigidly shutting-out the world and its temptations, and by practising the young mind in the virtues of obedience, simplicity, cheerfulness, confidence in superiors, and in a general merging of the individual in the body corporate,—it was easy to pass on to the conclusion that precisely this method would enable a man to pass through the trials of secular life uninjured, and preserving to the last his youthful innocence. Hence followed, to a certain extent, an exaggerated estimate of the value of *safeguards*, and an under-estimate of the importance of training the young mind to go alone. Hence a partial forgetfulness of the character of that personal independence which is certain to be the lot of those who are not Jesuits, or monks, or friars,—an independence which, if it be not anticipated by degrees in the years of childhood and youth, so often breaks out into unbridled license and daring pride, when the emancipated pupil first learns the full meaning of what it is *to be a man*. We know there exist among Catholics different opinions on this subject; but for ourselves, we cannot but think that as the after-life of a religious is to be essentially different from that of a man living in the world, so it is of first-rate importance that the education of the two classes should be essentially different in the impress to be produced on the character. Of each we wish to make a devoted Christian; but of the one we want to make a man who, in things indifferent, will always obey a superior; of the other, a man who in things also indifferent, but of the most trying and momentous kind, will usually be obliged to stand entirely alone. And it was by failing to grasp this truth (as we conceive it to be) in a time of universal shock and change like the latter half of the eighteenth century, that the Jesuits were often unable to retain a hold on the life-long allegiance

of their pupils, or to send into secular life a band of well-trained and Christian intellects devotedly Catholic, yet strong and independent, and equal to the emergencies of the times, whether political, philosophical, or theological.

As to the charge that the Jesuits are "obscurantists;" that it is their aim to keep men in intellectual leading-strings; that they are afraid of cultivation and independence of mind, as such,—we believe that a more baseless accusation was never uttered. No doubt here and there examples can be named, in which individuals of the Society have shown a timidity in the face of advancing science, or an old-world clinging to existing literary traditions, or a special horror of the progress of certain schools in politics, or of change simply because it was change. But no such stigma can be reasonably fastened on the Society. We believe that their sole desire is that intellectual cultivation shall be Christian; and that they have no fear whatever of the independence of the human mind, provided it is guarded by an unswerving faith in the religion of Jesus Christ, and accompanied by that modesty and humility which no man in his senses can call a fault. If they now and then err, we are confident that it is solely in thinking that this Christian independence will result from a system of education which is too like their own novitiate in some of its features; because they have not always remembered that from the earliest years a child must be trained, morally and intellectually, as well as physically, to stand alone. As we have before said, we claim for them no superhuman perfection: the question is simply one of comparison; and we fear no *refutation* (whatever may be said in the way of contradiction), when we allege, that since their foundation the Jesuits have done more for science and literature than any other body of ecclesiastics in the world, of equal numbers, whether Catholic or Protestant. Even since their revival, when they have had little leisure for purely literary and scientific studies, they will stand a comparison with any other equally numerous class. Place them side by side with the wealthy, leisurely, and aristocratic English Establishment, remembering that in numbers they are nothing to the fifteen thousand clergy of Anglicanism, and see the result. Where is the clerical astronomer like De Vico? Where the antiquarian and discoverer like Marchi? Where, in an age of mediæval restoration and devotedness to the Gothic art, where is the Anglican clergyman who is to be named with Fathers Martin and Cahour? Where is the English clerical philosopher who has reconciled the discoveries of geology with the Mosaic cosmogony, with the vigour, courage, and success of Pianciani?

And observe, that when Protestant clergymen become great in science or literature, they almost, if not quite invariably, cease to be clergymen, except in name and position. They put-off the clerical and professional tone of mind altogether, finding it a bondage and dead weight in the free prosecution of secular studies. But the Jesuit, whether calculating the advent of a comet, or exploring the catacombs, or copying the windows of a Gothic cathedral, is a Jesuit still; a Jesuit (as we say) to the backbone. He feels no natural antagonism between Jesuitism and science or philosophy; he has no fear that the more he knows of the natural works of God or the history of man, the less he will like the recollection of St. Ignatius, or the more difficult he will find it to believe in Transubstantiation. The Jesuit can reply to Protestant assailants, as every one of us Catholics can reply to those who taunt us with slavery: "*You think we are slaves: we know that we are free.*"

Such, then, appears to us a fair explanation of those peculiarities which characterise Jesuitism, and which inflame the anger of those who are not Catholics, and sometimes puzzle or annoy those who are. They are to be judged by a just standard, and one that is applicable to all humanity. "*Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto,*" said the Roman poet, amid the raptures of a sympathising audience. Such is the Jesuit's unanswerable reply, when he is charged with impossible crimes, or condemned because he has not in equal perfection all the virtues and all the requirements which have ever been found in mortal man. If it is desirable for the Church to cherish religious orders, for the sake of the unity, the self-sacrifice, and the learned leisure which they ensure, we have no right to condemn them if they do not display all the qualifications and capacities which are incompatible with the organisation of a vigorous society. God has stamped imperfection upon us all; and it is as irrational to expect the Jesuits to be more than man, as to eulogise them as never falling into error of any kind.

What will be their future, in the present condition of Christendom, none can foresee. For ourselves, any restoration to the position they once held in the Church appears to us extremely improbable. The extraordinary predominance which has been attained by a few religious orders, in different ages, was attained for the last time—if we read aright the progress of society—by the children of St. Ignatius. They were called for; they arose; they did their work; they received their reward in the ingratitude of kings and the hostility of

nations. Henceforth a great work is still before them; but we doubt whether they, or any society of men, can hold the Catholic intelligence of the age in their grasp, as they once did. The universal and high cultivation of the middle and upper ranks of society has so completely altered the intellectual condition of Christendom, that the close union of bodies of men for purposes of action, is less called for, less attractive, and less possible. There are far more numerous spheres of action open for every man of energy, zeal, and commanding intellect, than have been afforded by any age since the earlier centuries of Christianity. Individualism is becoming as prominent as it was in the first three or four centuries after Christ. Not only secular learning, but ecclesiastical and purely theological studies, are cultivated by the laity to an extent unknown in any previous age of the Church, except her earliest era; while the gradual improvements in social order, and the advance of the liberty of the subject, has rendered the protection afforded by powerful orders less necessary to men of literary and scientific habits. We do not think, therefore, that any religious body will again hold the position which has, in different times, been gained by the followers of St. Benedict, St. Dominick, St. Francis, and St. Ignatius; and far less do we anticipate any similar advance on the part of any other more recent order. Still, making every deduction on the score of the changes in modern life, an immense work yet remains, not only for the Society of Jesus, but for every other order which can revive or carry on its ancient moral and intellectual greatness, with such adaptations of its detailed practice as may suit the exigencies of an age whose peculiarities are so strongly marked and so new. Some, indeed, identify the progress of religious orders with a semi-barbarous state of civilisation, and imagine that they will find it difficult to accomplish their work in a day of excessive refinement and general cultivation. For ourselves, we have no share in this opinion. We regard the religious orders as the natural allies of all that is liberal, learned, and energetic, as well as of all that is holy and self-renouncing. And while we no more expect of them, than of single individuals, that they should be exempt from errors and failures in prosecuting their noble aims, we anticipate for them a career scarcely less really illustrious than that which has extorted the homage even of the enemies of the Catholic faith. Prudence, and the danger of compromising a large body of brothers and superiors, may prevent them from taking, as formerly, the foremost ranks in the intellectual conflict with the delusions of the times. They cannot be the skirmishers, the sharpshooters,

the light infantry of the battle-field; but on their example, on their firm and steady march, on their final charges, will the issue of the day more or less depend.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT I AM, AND HOW I BEGAN LIFE. HOW MY GODFATHER PRACTISED THE PRECEPT, "TRAIN UP A CHILD, ETC."

I AM what is called a fortunate man. My friends call me a lucky dog. Those who don't like me call me a lucky rascal. All agree that where hundreds fail, I have succeeded. They generally put down my success to pure chance. I, on the contrary, am convinced that, though chance *has* favoured me, nineteen men out of every twenty would have failed to profit as I have done by an equal amount of chances in their favour.

At present my affairs stand as follows: I am forty-five years of age; unmarried; five feet eleven inches high, weighing fourteen stone; without a grey hair or a trace of baldness; pulse sixty-five,—full, round, and equable; the digestion perfect, and sleep sound. Nerves, I know, do exist, for I have seen them figured in books of anatomy; and I believe, on excellent testimony, that they are the plague of many people's lives; but I know nothing of them by experience. I live in a well-situated house north of Hyde Park, not large or showy, but gentlemanlike and thoroughly comfortable. My furniture is luxurious, my cook unexceptionable, my wines first-rate. I don't care for driving; but I give usually about eighty guineas for my park hack. My library is capital; my acquaintance numerous; and I belong to two good clubs. My balance at my bankers' (the most respectable in Lombard-street) is eminently satisfactory; and my income perfectly equal to providing, with judicious economy, all these desirable accompaniments of life. On the whole, I *am* a lucky dog, as my friends say.

All this, moreover, is the fruit of my own labours. I did not inherit it, nor does it come to me by way of pension, sinecure, or snug office. Nor did I win my position by trade, or law, or physic, or speculation. My supreme "luck" consists in this, that I belong to that unlucky, ill-to-do, seedy race, the *gentlemen of the press*. Rather, I belong to them some-

what in the same way as Lord Byron and Walter Scott were attached to the fraternity of Grub-street. I am at the top of the tree; while they climb, or try to climb, up its lowest branches. But whatever a "gentleman of the press" is, I have been; saving always that I have never been in real difficulties.

How it is that I have steered clear of the disasters which wreck so many of those unfortunate beings who people the literary world, it is not easy to say. Perhaps it is that I am not hot-blooded; or it may be because I have a natural distaste for what is low or riotous, or that I hate the sensation of tipsiness; or it may be the simple result of my mental "organisation," as they call it now-a-days. I have no veneration; I am not a bit of an enthusiast. I have a few likings and dislikings; but withal I am eminently prudent. I have a good temper; I bear little or no malice. Yet my "organisation" is, as the phrenologists say, a very general one. My tastes, though not keen, are various. I *like* music, painting, poetry, history, philosophy, political economy, politics, and science; though I can't say I *love* any of them. I have a tolerable aptitude for figures. I am a punctual man. I am a good listener. I don't talk too much, though I have plenty to say. I can laugh (without shamming) at other men's jokes, though I seldom venture on a pun myself. I know the weak side of most persons, and particularly the weak side of that polycephalous personage, the public. I can make a very fair after-dinner speech; and I can write, at any hour of the day or night, on any subject whatever, and always seem to be perfectly acquainted with all its bearings. Give me a *little* knowledge on any question, and I can persuade nearly every body that no man ever knew so much about it since the world began. I can write well also. I am apt at quotations and allusions. I see the absurd aspect of all questions, and I have a knack of hitting an adversary hardest just when I have raised a laugh at his expense; which I take to be one of the profoundest secrets of journalist writers. On the whole, I don't think I am conceited in attributing a good deal of my success, not to luck, but to myself.

Next to myself, I owe my advancement in life to my godfather, Erasmus Dillwyn. From my boyhood it was my good fortune to be continually in his society, and I had always the good sense to profit by his earnest advice. My mother, indeed, sometimes thought this advice questionable; but my father approved it. "Benjamin," my godfather would say to me, "Benjamin, my dear boy, you have your fortune to make, and every thing depends on your following the soundest and

wisest maxims. Honesty, be sure, is the best policy; remember, accordingly, always to be what you seem, and to seem what you are. The great thing is, never to aim too high; thus, attempting no ideal standard, your conduct and your professions will be in harmony. You will be emphatically an honest man. Recollect the grand object of human life, which is to succeed. Be a practical man, therefore; a prudent man. Nothing is so respectable, so thoroughly admirable, as duty. Always, then, do your duty, especially to yourself. Observe the character of the age in which you are cast. Religion tells you that it is *Providence* which has placed you in that age; and if you judiciously select whatever is held in highest esteem by the most worthy and successful persons of the time, and fix your standard accordingly, I have no doubt you will always find circumstances providentially disposed in your favour, and you will be a prosperous man."

One fine sunny afternoon, in particular, I remember calling on my godfather. He was in a most benevolent and sensible frame of mind. He had just been the means of getting an itinerant Methodist preacher put into the stocks, and he had received his half-year's rents in full. I found him sitting in a summer-house in his garden, placidly smoking his pipe after the dinner which it was his habit to take at an early hour. He presented me with a new bright guinea; and after questioning me as to my progress with my books, he began to moralise. "Benjamin," said he, "I hope you will always avoid fanaticism. It is a very silly vice; and besides, it is extremely unprofitable. Always be on the safe side. I don't say always be on the side of the majority; *that* would be foolish, cowardly, unworthy of the dignity of our nature. But always be safe in whatever you undertake, and never make enemies needlessly. Take the word of an old man, there is nothing that succeeds so well as virtue. But virtue, without friends, is not respectable, and cannot succeed; remember, therefore, your duty to yourself, and be virtuous. And now, my dear boy, I have some business to attend to; so good bye, and God bless you."

Such was my excellent godfather. I don't say that his ideas are exactly scientific in their accuracy; but they are practical, and he was eminently a practical man. And I take it, that to succeed, one *must* be practical, and not theoretical. At any rate, I find that my godfather's notions are shared very much by most people; and, as he used to say, Providence sends us here to get on in life; and I have reason to be grateful to my godfather for his instructions, and to Providence also. If I had not been early taught such sound practical

sense, I should not, in all probability, have been so prosperous a man as I am at my present time of life. My excellent godfather is now no more. He died, as he had lived, at peace with every one, and especially with himself. For many years he remarked my career with pleasure, and ended his days worthily of one who had lived so respectably. Peace be to his ashes!

I had a certain schoolfellow who was singularly unlike my godfather, but to whom nevertheless I was much attached. Indeed I think my godfather and Roger Walton (as my friend was called) were the only two persons towards whom I ever experienced any very warm feelings. My godfather did not like poor Roger much. I always called him poor Roger. Poor fellow! he was of great service to me, by way of showing me the way in which I should *not* go. My godfather always predicted that Roger would fail in life.

"What's the use of his wit and cleverness," he used to say to me, "when he wants common sense? Mark my words, Benjamin; Roger will never get on. He is too impulsive; he is not prudent; he always says what he thinks,—a very bad habit, let me tell you, especially for a boy or a young man. Roger's ideas are too fine and romantic for real life. You must take men as they are, and avoid romance. I'm afraid Roger's good sayings and grand notions will never procure him an appointment of five hundred a-year."

Nor was my godfather much pleased when it turned out that Roger was going up to London at the very time that I went there myself to begin the world. I had been at first placed in a bank in the flourishing country-town where I was born; but I did not like the occupation. Still, I remained there some years; for I did not want to be in a hurry, and I was not quite sure of my own mind. During my stay at the bank I learnt a good deal of useful information, and I acquired an insight into a good many of the tricks of the "moneyed interest." There were three partners in the concern, Messrs. Broadhead, Slim, and Brown. Broadhead and Brown were men of the steady school; but Slim was a sharp practitioner, and spent a good deal of money. Soon after I left, the house failed, and Slim proved to be a rogue. I had seen something of what was going on under the rose,—for I was an observant lad,—though I said nothing. However, it deeply impressed on my mind the paramount importance of doing nothing that was likely to be found out.

At last I could endure the bank no longer. I had always intended to be a literary man; and my father, seeing my steadiness, and observing that I had none of the faults of

literary men in general, after a time let me go up to London ; especially as he had no capital with which to start me in life. My godfather's chief objection lay in the circumstance that Roger Walton had the same wishes as myself. He dreaded his influence on me ; but at last he withdrew his opposition, and we went to London with a warm introduction from an influential country banker to the chief proprietor of the powerful metropolitan journal, the *Daily Press*.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO "LEAD PUBLIC OPINION."

This introduction was the first piece of my "luck." Let no aspirants to journalist success imagine that my fortune will probably be theirs ! It is not every embryo reporter and critic who can start in the world as I did, with an invitation to dinner from so great a man as Mr. John Grimwood, at that time the most influential personage in connection with the London newspaper world. He was not a literary man, but eminently a man of business ; of untiring energy, and rare insight into the best modes of overcoming difficulties, and of hunting out all available means for accomplishing his ends. It was Cardinal Richelieu, I think, who was once asked how it was that he had so uniformly succeeded in his various enterprises. "By always estimating the true magnitude of the obstacles I have had to encounter," was his reply. Somebody else has defined "a difficulty" as "a thing to be overcome." Such were Mr. John Grimwood's maxims ; and his journal was the proof of their wisdom. He had his amiable points, as well as his business capacities. He was a grateful man. In former days my father had done him good service in some rather ticklish circumstances, and he had never forgotten it. When Roger and I called at his house, he received us civilly, and myself almost cordially ; and next morning he sent me an invitation to dine with him that same afternoon, though poor Roger was left unnoticed. Slightly palpitating at heart, but by no means losing my composure, I presented myself in the drawing-room as six o'clock struck the appointed dinner-hour. No one was there but the host himself. He welcomed me politely, applauded my punctuality, pointed to a table covered with books, and bade me amuse myself till the guests were arrived, while he plunged into a heap of newspapers.

The political world was just then in a flame. Peel and the Duke had "ratted" on Catholic Emancipation, and the storms in the atmosphere of opinion were so violent and changing, that the most glibly-revolving weathercock could not tell

“which way the wind blew.” Like many others, it was whispered that the *Daily Press* was totally at fault. I was a raw youth, and of course was rather carried away with certain political predilections; but I was not so simple as to imagine that so business-like a man as Mr. John Grimwood would ruin his journal for the sake of a personal whim.

The guests soon assembled. They were all of the male sex; some literary, some commercial, and one or two of them men of fashion. There was an immense deal of talking; but the host, though I saw he listened intensely to what went on, said little or nothing. I followed his example, and I knew that he watched me. Between nine and ten o'clock many left, and the conversation seemed insensibly to grow more confidential. Presently Grimwood was called out of the room. Shortly after he sent up a message to summon me to join him. I found him in his library, adjoining the dining-room. It was a handsome apartment, well furnished with books. He was sealing a letter as I entered.

“Mr. Walker,” said he, looking me full in the face, with his small, keen eyes, “I want a confidential messenger to take this letter to Windsor instantly, and bring me back a reply. Will you do it?”

I made no hesitation, and assented. He took four 5*l.* notes from a pocket-book, and putting them into my hand, said, “A post-chaise and four will be here in five minutes. You must take four horses at every stage; pay the post-boys well, and make them drive as fast as the horses' legs can run; go to the —— (naming an inn at Windsor); ask for Lord ——; give him this letter, take his answer, and be back here by—good heavens! it's nearly ten o'clock. Well, well; do your utmost to return without one instant's delay. I shall tell the servants to show you in to me the moment you return, at whatever hour in the night. I shall not be gone to bed.”

In one minute I was in the chaise, and the wheels rattled through Russell Square westward. It was a brilliant night; the moon was up. Nothing occurred to cause delay; I found Lord —— at the inn to which I was directed; and a little after two o'clock in the morning I dashed up to Mr. Grimwood's door with the reply to his despatch. I was immediately taken up into a small room which opened out of his back drawing-room. He entered almost at the same moment, took the letter without speaking a word, opened it, read it at a glance, turned and asked if I was knocked up, or if I was willing to wait a short time to see if my services were again wanted. I professed myself not a bit tired; on which Grimwood rang the bell, ordered some supper to be brought to me, and suggesting

a nap after I should have refreshed myself, re-entered the drawing-rooms, carefully shutting the door behind him.

As I ate a hurried supper, I could hear voices in animated conversation in the further drawing-room; though the closed doors rendered it impossible to distinguish their actual words. Presently the door by which Grimwood had left me proved to be really unfastened; for the lock gave way of itself, and the door opened so far as to allow me to peer into the darkness of the adjoining apartment; but the voices of the speakers were almost intelligible. Excited as I was by the novelty of the scene, and by my rapid journey to Windsor, I could not restrain my curiosity, and I listened eagerly to catch what was going on; but I could only hear just enough to tantalise me. Suddenly the folding-doors between the two drawing-rooms were thrown open, and one of the party came forward and opened a window, complaining of the heat and closeness of the night. I had put out my candles, with the hope of snatching a few minutes' sleep, so that there was no indication that the further room, which I occupied, was tenanted by any chance listener. The gentleman who had opened the window then returned to his companions; and the conversation being manifestly very excited, in his eagerness to join in it he left the folding-doors between the two drawing-rooms wide open. Without stirring an inch, accordingly, I had a full view of the whole company. I knew that my host would have been not a little astonished at such a revelation of his affairs to a stranger youth; but his back was turned towards me, and the rest of the party knew nothing of my presence. Some scrupulous people might have felt uncomfortable at finding themselves thus placed; but fortunately for me, I never was scrupulous. I always held fast the golden maxims, "Never lose an opportunity;" "Why should a man stand in his own light?" and "Recognise the goodness of Providence in every thing that befalls you." I therefore sat still, and quietly observed and listened.

Four gentlemen, besides Mr. Grimwood himself, sat round a table covered with pamphlets and newspapers. Their countenances betrayed the deep interest they felt in the subject of their conversation.

"A splendid time for us," said one of them—a comfortable-looking, bald-headed old fellow, in a brown coat and yellow waistcoat, and who seemed to be thrusting snuff up his round snub nose by an ounce at a time;—"a splendid time for us, if we could but tell how to trim the boat."

"Confound that fellow Peel!" cried another; "why on earth can't he stick to his old ways? Until now, I always thought my shares in the *Press* the very safest and steadiest

investment I ever ventured on ; and now this cursed cotton-spinner comes, and upsets all one's calculations with his ratting. What is the country to come to next, I wonder ! Nothing will be safe ; no man will know what to do with his money."

" Peel has a tremendous tailor's bill to pay, they say," responded the snuff-taking personage, with a twinkle of his eye.

" Why so ?" asked the other.

" For turning his coat, to be sure," said the bald-headed gentleman, chuckling violently at his jest.

" Pish !" growled the other speaker. " Really, really, Wetherby, I'm astonished that you can joke at such a time as this ; and with such a question before you. Pray be serious, if you can. It's now half-past two o'clock, and we have not yet decided which side we will take. We shall have that wild fellow Bisse here, I expect, every moment, crying out that the printers are waiting, and that we must choose our line instantly."

" Well, gentlemen," interposed a third speaker, " we wait only for the opinion of our friend Grimwood. None of us has so large an interest in the prosperity of the *Press* as he has ; and the ability he has always shown in improving the value of the property has, I make no doubt, impressed us all with a high sense of the value of his opinion. I confess I shall be considerably biassed by his views. If he thinks it won't do to go against the government, I am quite of his opinion. If, on the other hand, he is for nailing our colours to the mast, and so forth,—why, as I say, in *my* ideas, he knows best. Come, Mr. Grimwood, haven't you yet made up your mind ?"

" To tell you the truth, gentlemen," replied Grimwood, " I have. Within the last half hour I have come to a decision. I have received information from a perfectly trustworthy source, which sets my mind at rest as to what will be the issue of the present struggle. I need not remind you, gentlemen, of the principle on which our journal is conducted. Our motto is, always be on the winning side. I admit that to carry out this principle without risk of error is impossible. Still, with prudence, skill, a careful watching of the spirit of the times, and especially with a perfect knowledge of the temper of the English people, I think the principle can be acted on more successfully than any other which newspaper proprietors can recognise. At any rate, our balance-sheet is a cogent argument in its favour. Few journals pay like ours. You will excuse my talking a little at length, because I wish to state the grounds for my conclusion at once. Now, our *only*

consideration is, will this Emancipation Act be carried? If it will, of course we must heart and soul uphold it; if Peel and the Duke will be turned out, then it is equally clear that it would be madness in us not to oppose them. It appears, then, to me, that, after all, every thing depends on the course the King takes. We know he hates O'Connell, and still more he hates Peel. But he is awfully afraid of the Duke; and if the Duke tells him that he won't answer for the army, in my opinion the King will give in. However, to make all sure, I have set in motion certain means for obtaining information; and this night I have learnt, on the best authority, that the King *will* yield. Therefore, gentlemen, my voice is for the government measure."

As he stopped speaking, a loud rapping was heard at the street-door.

"That's old Bisse, as I'm alive," exclaimed Wetherby, "come to see what side he's to take."

In a wonderfully short space of time there rushed into the room a burly individual, with a huge red face, surrounded with masses of whitish hair, looking uncommonly like a dissipated old lion. He strode up to the table where the party sat, dashed upon it a printed sheet of paper, and roared out, "Now, gentlemen, there's not a moment to lose! There's a leader for either side of the question. Take it as it stands, it's on one side; scratch out here and there a word or a phrase, and it's on the other. Which is it to be?"

With that he threw himself into a chair.

"What say you to my reading the article aloud, gentlemen?" asked Grimwood, taking up the wet proof. The requisite assent being given, he then read as follows:

"It is the peculiar glory of the constitution under which we have the happiness to live ——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Bisse; "but I should be infinitely obliged by some brandy and soda-water."

This was speedily brought, and the reading resumed.

"It is the peculiar glory of the constitution under which we have the happiness to live, that it is self-consistent in all its parts. Sprung neither from the frenzy of revolution, nor from the caprices of a paradoxical despot, nor from the reveries of a doctrinaire constitution-monger, it has been the natural growth of centuries; as, we trust and believe, it will endure for centuries yet to come. The vacillation of monarchs will not dishonour it; the intrigues of courtiers will not undermine it; and no assaults of rebels will avail to make a breach in its walls. It has its foundations deep in the nature of all humanity; and consequently its vitality is to be esti-

mated by the vitality of our common being. Hence it is self-consistent, harmonious, and uniform in its action.

"Like every thing, accordingly, which lives, it possesses the power of self-reparation. Amid the lapse of events, the decay of races, and the progress of civilisation, a crisis will frequently arrive which requires the introduction of some modifying change, not in the principles of the British constitution (for these can never be changed), but in the details of its working. It is the province of the true statesman to discern the advents of these important epochs while yet distant; to prepare for their approach; and at the right moment, and not before, to come forward and himself introduce those alterations which may be imperatively called for. It is said that one of these crises has now arrived; and we think it most *unfortunate* for the destinies of this great nation, that the helm of government should at such a season be committed to men so perfectly *unworthy* of the noble duties they are called to fulfil.—"

Here the reader broke off, and exclaimed, "What's the meaning of these italics, Bisse?"

"Don't you see?" replied Bisse; "if you cut out the syllables and words in italics, the whole thing reads just the other way."

Grimwood then proceeded:—

"—of the noble duties they are called to fulfil. They have been hitherto reputed to be among the most devoted adherents to our ancient monarchy, and to those Protestant institutions with which the wisdom of our ancestors has so happily surrounded it. *That reputation is now gone for ever.* They have *not* succeeded in interpreting the signs of the times. They have *misunderstood* the true genius of the British constitution, and have *not* recognised the fundamental principle on which it is based,—the principle of upholding the monarchy by conciliating the affections of all loyal subjects and citizens, *and of loyal ones alone.* Who can allege that the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland are *not* traitors to the monarchy of these realms?"

And thus the article proceeded to the end; so arranged, that with a few minutes' correction it would be ready for printing on either side of the question.

I confess I was hardly prepared for the scene I thus witnessed. It was the first time I had thoroughly realised the idea that certain journalists are perfectly willing to write on either side of a momentous question at an instant's notice. But I was then young. I have since learnt that, after all, it is the best method of carrying on that noble institution,—the free

and independent press of the British empire. I am surprised, indeed, that it is not universally acted on.

As soon as the reading was over, the assembled party lost no time in adapting the article to the ministerial side; and Bisse hurried off with it. I myself thought it advisable quietly to close the door of the room whence I had witnessed the proceeding. I then threw myself on a sofa, and, worn out with the unwonted fatigue and excitement, I really fell asleep. I was awake by the voice of Mr. Grimwood, who dismissed me without delay, and bade me call on him at a fixed hour in the ensuing afternoon.

Roger and I had taken lodgings in the same house, and for economical reasons shared the same sitting-room. Roger was an ardent, affectionate fellow, and had been so anxious to learn what Grimwood was going to do for me, that he had not gone to bed when I reached home. I found him amazed at the extraordinary hour of my return; and in my anxiety to convince him that we had not been carousing the whole evening, added to a juvenile desire to show-off the importance of the business I had been engaged in, I told him every thing that had happened.

"What a scoundrel that rogue of an editor must be!" he exclaimed.

"I don't see that," I replied. "He is paid to write; and I don't see why a man shouldn't sell his brains to a newspaper proprietor as well as to a client, as lawyers do."

"I never could do it," said he; "and I never *will* do it."

"Then you'll never get on in this world," said I.

And so we separated for the night.

Roger was a grievously lazy fellow; and I was at breakfast long before he appeared the next morning. His bedroom adjoined the sitting-room; and as I sat eating and meditating over my prospects, he suddenly thrust his rough head in at the door, exclaiming,

"I say, Benjamin, what was that rascally editor's name who was so amazingly quick in providing a double-faced article for his masters last night. Wasn't it Bisse, eh?"

"Yes," said I.

"I thought so," replied Roger,—"*a fit name. Bisse dat qui citò dat, you know.*"

And grinning at the joke, he withdrew.

In five minutes he returned, not half-dressed, and protested he could waste no more time at his toilet. He was, in fact, a grievous sloven; his clothes and his mind I always considered to be equally in a mess. But remonstrance was useless. How-

ever, as he sat eating his breakfast, I could not help pondering on the undesirableness of the companionship of such an extraordinarily disreputable waistcoat as he displayed; and I resolved not to be seen much with him, unless he would reform his appearance. At length, by some astonishing feat of clumsiness, he contrived to bespatter the said waistcoat with nearly half the yolk of an egg that he was eating,—a catastrophe which he regarded with the most unruffled equanimity. Having made a few ineffectual attempts to repair the mischief, he quietly observed,

“Rather a bore this. It’s the only waistcoat I’ve got; but, after all, it’s only a little egg!”

“You don’t mean to say that you intend to present yourself to Mr. Grimwood in that state, I hope, Roger,” said I.

“Why not?” said he.

I saw from his looks that it would be in vain to reason with him; so I took up a book, quietly observing, “that it was a pity he did not hold the standard English maxim, that ‘cleanliness is next to godliness.’”

“My dear fellow,” retorted he, “I do hold it; I hold them to be so near akin as to be within the prohibited degrees.”

I could not help admiring his wit, but I thought that prudence in good clothes would get on better than brilliancy in a greasy waistcoat and a coat out at elbows; and such I have found to be the case throughout life.

In the present instance, it was not to be thought of that I should present myself to Mr. Grimwood in company with so disreputably-dressed an individual as Roger, if he should really persist in his intention. I therefore absolutely refused to let him know Grimwood’s address, which luckily he had not asked me, except on the condition that he should borrow a respectable garment from me for the occasion. Having him thus on the hip, he was obliged to yield.

Our patron received us politely, and offered us situations in the advertisement department of his journal; subordinate ones, it is true, and requiring little better than mere routine and mechanical work, and at low salaries. Roger’s face betrayed an inclination to decline any thing so little responding to the ardour of a youthful literary aspirant. But I took the word out of his mouth; and before he could put his objections into shape, I closed with Grimwood’s proposals, with (I must own) more cordial and humble expressions of gratitude than were altogether genuine. However, they cost nothing; and it is a pity not to say the civillest things one can, both to superiors, equals, and inferiors. It is surprising how much people think

of a few phrases, which really any body with the slightest readiness can produce when called for. Some persons, I know, despise this sort of means for advancing in life; but I do not. There is no investment so safe and so cheap as a few civil speeches, a somewhat hearty manner (not overdone), and brief but pointed expressions of the obligation one feels to any person who does one the slightest service.

As soon as the arrangement with Grimwood was concluded, Roger was for opening a political conversation; but I felt that it would not do, and instantly rose, and we took our leave.

CHAPTER III.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT AND ITS RESULTS.

I have made it a rule through life to lose no opportunity of acquiring useful information. I say *useful* information; for that which cannot be turned to profit is evidently not worth the trouble of gaining. In pursuance of this maxim, as soon as I was fairly installed in my post in the advertisement department of the *Daily Press*, I always kept my eyes open for such knowledge of mankind as the office-business might throw in my way. And a vast amount of most curious information there was to be gleaned, and precisely of that sort which I hold to be most valuable; namely, a knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature, and of those secrets of daily life which the world is most anxious to keep out of sight. For getting-on in life there is nothing like a knowledge of man; and the best knowledge of man is the knowledge of his infirmities and private mysteries. Other knowledge is speculative rather than profitable, while this can be turned to advantage in a thousand ways, by a person of coolness, judgment, and readiness.

I don't suppose that I should have found the advertisement department of a newspaper so fertile in practical information, had it not been for the assistance of poor Roger. Roger had a taste for adventure and romance; and if an affair promised any little peril, it was all the more attractive to him. Receiving, therefore, as we did, advertisements of all sorts and kinds, and being frequently consulted as to their proper wording by the parties who brought them to the office, Roger's curiosity (and, I must add, my own also) was frequently excited, and we contrived some very pretty adventures out of the hints we thus gathered. I was always careful not to involve myself in any scheme that might turn out to my discredit. Roger and I planned them together, or rather, he

acted on my suggestions; and he had such a fondness for pursuing any whims that he took up, that it would have been positively Quixotic in me to have put myself forward where it was likely I might get into a scrape. We certainly did see some curious scenes, and learnt a few things that the people who only read the newspapers had very small inkling of. And as we were young men, with no domestic ties, and some idle hours when we wanted amusement, scarcely a week passed without our coming across something odd, or eccentric, or scandalous, or amusing.

One of the chief sources of our fun was the matrimonial advertisements. Some people fancy these advertisements never come to any thing, or that they are devices for communicating information on subjects with which matrimony has nothing to do. I can assure them this is quite a mistake.* They may sometimes be a kind of thieves' cipher, or simply hoaxes; but they are usually the actual productions of hymeneally inclined men and women, young, middle-aged, and elderly. Now and then they lead to consequences not a little unexpected, as my own and Roger's experience will testify.

I did not often give in to schemes which Roger himself originated. I thought them mostly dangerous and profitless; and there was always something of the wild-goose-chase character about them. Once, however, he over-persuaded me, and it was in connection with these same matrimonial communications. He was burning, and I confess myself to have felt a decided inclination, to reply to one of these advertisements in our own persons, or rather under some convenient *alias*, and to pursue the adventure to its termination. We had a friend, one Dick Wilder, who was just the sort of fellow to enter into such a scheme, and whom (luckily for us, as it turned out) we admitted to our counsels. After much consideration, we decided on the advertisement to be answered. It

* It would seem from the subjoined advertisement, which we copy from the *Spectator* of May 13, 1854, and which has repeatedly appeared in that respectable journal, and doubtless elsewhere also, that marriage by advertisement is still carried on to a considerable extent. [Ed. *Rambler*.]

"MATRIMONIAL INSTITUTION, Offices, 12 John Street, Adelphi, London, and 18 Nassau Street, New York. Founded in 1846. Bankers, the Royal British Bank.—This institution has been established many years (with great success) as a medium for the introduction of parties unknown to each other, who are desirous of forming Matrimonial Alliances, but who, from some cause or other, cannot find partners in their own circle of acquaintance suitable in position, &c. The strictest honour and secrecy is maintained in every case—Prospectuses, applications, forms, rules, and every information, sent free to any name, initials, or address, on receipt of twelve postage-stamps.

By order of the Directors,

LAURENCE CUTHBURT.

12 John Street, Adelphi, London.

was sent to the office by letter, with money to pay for its insertion, so that we had no clue to its authorship. It ran thus:

“MATRIMONY.—A young lady, of good birth, excellent education, and unexceptionable connections, is anxious to meet with a partner for life. Circumstances of a most painful character, arising from the tyranny of wealthy relatives, render it impossible for her to enter into the society to which she rightfully belongs, so that, being kept in entire seclusion, she is unable to make her choice in the usual way. Should any gentleman of corresponding station, and suitable personal recommendations, be disposed to make her acquaintance, with a view (if found agreeable) to enter into a matrimonial engagement, the lady in question will be glad to have a line from him, preparatory to a personal interview, directed to A. B. C., Post-Office, ———.”*

This we answered in a similar strain, giving an address for a reply. I need not detail the particulars of the correspondence. It is sufficient to say, that it was finally arranged that the supposed admirer of the fair unknown should present himself at a certain spot, not particularly retired, at the locality specified in the original advertisement. It was also stated that the gentleman was to go unaccompanied by any friend, either male or female. We did not think ourselves bound to observe this stipulation, except so far as that two of the party kept out of sight, hiding themselves behind a neighbouring hedge, while the third presented himself to the expectant husband-seeker. We had some discussion as to which of our trio should personate the anxious lover. For myself, I preferred to look on, and to enjoy the joke without fear of consequences; but neither Roger nor Dick Wilder were by any means satisfied with the position of a subordinate. On the whole, I preferred that Roger should be the man; for Dick was a rough and wild specimen, and I thought would carry the joke too far, and perhaps annoy and insult the lady; whereas Roger was a brilliant, clever, and amiable fellow, and withal so good an actor, that we felt sure he would assume the tender passion with considerable skill. We did not intend any real mischief to the lady, who we thought must be either a simpleton, or a designing woman who meant to entrap some foolish swain into bondage. After long discussion, Roger and Dick agreed to toss up for the coveted honour. Dick won; and mightily pleased I afterwards was that the lot had fallen to him.

When the appointed day came we dined together in my

* We suppress the name, not wishing to identify the place at which the occurrence here related actually happened, at least in substance.

rooms, very merry, and eager for the entertainment about to follow. The rendezvous was to be just before dusk. Poor Roger was rather nervous, and was suddenly taken with a qualm of conscience.

"Benjamin," said he, as we sat smoking a cigar apiece previous to our departure, "do you know, I'm thinking we're three confounded rascals?"

"Rather a severe view of the case," I replied.

"Well, I do think so," said Roger. "It really is too bad to trifle with a woman's feelings in this way."

"Feelings? Fiddle-strings!" ejaculated Wilder. "Do you suppose any woman with three grains of feeling would advertise for a husband in the newspapers? I'll bet you a sovereign that I shall be a far more respectable sort of a wooer than nine-tenths of the men that answer these husband-hunting spinsters."

"I don't know that," rejoined Roger. "At any rate, I hope you'll be civil to the girl, or woman, whichever she is. The joke's all very well to talk about beforehand, but now the time's up, I almost wish we were well out of it."

"Then stay at home like a good boy," said Wilder. "Or go first, and tell the charming unknown that you've been a party to a gang of scoundrels; but that you're truly penitent, and are come to offer your hand and heart. That's the right way to redress the wrongs of damsels in distress."

"No," said Roger; "I shall do neither of the two; I shall go and see fair play; and I trust Walker here will stand by me, and allow no harm to be done."

"I can't commit myself," said I, "in *any* way. But I really think we need not alter our play at all. The joke is a perfectly harmless one. Roger and I will be on the ground a quarter of an hour before the time, and take up our position behind the hedge where we settled it; and you shall follow as agreed."

With that we started. On arriving at the appointed spot, not a creature was to be seen. We lost no time, however, in speculating or staring about us; but ensconced ourselves behind the hedge, so placed that we could see and hear without risk of detection. At last a neighbouring church-clock struck, and at the same moment we could discern a woman turning out of a lane at a short distance, and advancing along the road to the place of meeting.

"By Jove, she's a big one!" whispered Roger to me, as the lady came near.

We strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of her face; but

in vain, for a thick and long veil effectually concealed all that we wished to see.

"Splendidly got up, indeed!" ejaculated my companion, in a low tone. "What a bonnet! and what a cloak for a hot evening like this! I wonder who the deuce she really is!"

"No signs of Wilder yet," said I. "Surely he can't have turned spooney at the last moment."

"Not he!" replied Roger. "What will you bet that the lady doesn't make him really marry her after all?"

"She looks as if she *could* do it, as sure as I'm alive," said I. "That woman's formed to be the gray mare, or I know nothing of a horse's paces, or a woman's either."

"She *does* step out with a vengeance," answered Roger. "She seems as cool and unconcerned as if she were doing the most ordinary and every-day work in the world. By Jove! why she treads on the pathway like an elephant! I wish we could see her face."

The subject of our observations now passed close by us; and in silence we watched her as she proceeded in the direction of London, evidently looking out for the expected friend. She shortly turned, continued her promenade, and passed us. When she turned again she caught sight of Wilder rapidly advancing towards her, and they met just opposite our place of concealment. On coming up to his fair one, Wilder's countenance exhibited such signs of astonishment and perplexity that it was with the utmost difficulty we restrained our laughter into a silent convulsion. The lady was unquestionably the taller and stouter of the two, though Wilder was by no means short or puny; and the style of her movements displayed a masculine vigour which told the bewildered Dick that she would prove an awkward subject for impertinence or trifling.

"Three to one she makes him marry her," muttered Roger in my ear.

"Done!" returned I; "in crown-pieces."

Meanwhile Dick commenced his operations; but it was clear that he was quite at fault. The signs of recognition which had been agreed upon having been exchanged, he proceeded respectfully to offer her his arm, mumbling something about conversing with greater ease while walking. The lady accepted the offer, and seized rather than took Dick's arm; but without uttering a word. As they walked away, we heard Dick requesting her to lift her veil, on the plea that the air was close, and that the veil would interfere with conversation. To this the lady replied by pulling the said veil closer down than before, to Dick's palpable disgust.

“Two to one she’s five-and-forty, at the very least,” whispered my companion. “I never beheld such a dragon in all my life before. Look, look, she won’t speak to him! Upon my word, I’m coming to think my compassion ought to be transferred to Dick himself. Here they come again! Why, Dick’s as pale as a ghost!”

In a minute or two they approached our hiding-place, and it was plain the lady was labouring under some violent emotion, of what kind it was not easy to say. Certainly, she shook very decidedly, and placed her hand to her side, as if in severe pain; while strange noises escaping from beneath her veil (which, by the way, was quite impervious to the sight,) indicated the struggle she was endeavouring to control. In a few moments she burst into a coughing-fit of a most peculiar character, and of astonishing loudness. Dick now redoubled his attentions; but she waved him off with a very decided gesture, and coughed till we fairly stared with surprise. When the fit was subdued, she quietly took Dick’s arm, but without speaking, and they recommenced their promenade. We were growing more and more puzzled, when we saw them turn towards us, Dick urgently talking, and she averting her head; when, just as they once more approached us, the lady suddenly started from her companion, gave a shrill whistle, and then throwing her arms around Dick’s neck, clasped him with the gripe of a wild-bear. Dick was nearly prostrated with the unexpected embrace; and before either he or we had recovered from our amazement, a troop of some twenty or thirty boys came dashing along the road, shouting, “Hurrah! bravo, old fellow! Hold him till we come up!” with similar exclamations; while the supposed lady’s bonnet and veil dropped off, and displayed the whiskered face of an athletic young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age. Dick struggled to be free, and shouted to us to come to his aid; and the boys coming up, it was evident there was no time to be lost. We sprang from behind the hedge; and luckily being provided with stout walking-sticks, we assaulted the assailant with vigour, and just as the boys reached the spot, had torn Dick from his grasp. The young gentlemen, however, who we immediately guessed belonged to — School, had no notion of giving up the game, and sprung upon us like a pack of fox-hounds. We had sticks, and they had nothing but their clenched fists, and were most of them not above fifteen or sixteen years old. Still, they were about six to one, and we were getting pretty considerably mauled: the blood was streaming down Wilder’s face, Roger was nearly doubled-up with a blow scientifically planted on the stomach, and all kinds of lights were dancing in my eyes,

which were already half "bunged up," when the sound of the horn of a mail-coach rose above the shouts and laughter of our foes, and at the same moment a stroke of Wilder's stick broke the arm of his quondam fair one, who dropped to the ground in agony. For a minute or so the boys debated whether to run, or face the chances of defeat and detection; but the sight of an approaching party of pedestrians giving fresh force to the suggestions of prudence, they helped their leader from the ground, and disappeared almost as rapidly as they had presented themselves. As for ourselves, we had no wish to run the risk of a catechising, either from coachman or passenger; and we retreated through a gap in the hedge, and fled across the fields, feeling not a little rejoiced that our adventure had not come to a worse termination. Wilder was utterly crest-fallen; Roger protested that it served us right, and consoled himself with thinking that his physiognomy was not much damaged; while I found the fifteen shillings I had won but a poor compensation for the pair of black eyes which I felt would adorn me for at least a week to come. I went to bed cursing myself for my folly in having had to do with such a mad scheme, and resolved that it should be the only time in my life when I should have to reproach myself with such senseless imprudence.

[To be continued.]

A CONVERSION UNDER THE OLD PENAL LAWS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having been strongly and repeatedly urged to publish a very interesting narrative in my possession, written by Lady A——, I now send it you, word for word as it was penned by that noble lady at my earnest request.

At Prior Park, in the spring of 1840, being at breakfast with her ladyship, our conversation turned on conversions from Anglicanism; a subject that interested me the more, as she herself was a convert from it. After exemplifying various remarks by reference to her own experience, she then also brought forward the example of her own mother, whose peculiar and edifying conduct, under surprising difficulties, is briefly but vividly depicted in the following narrative.

On this occasion I was so impressed and gratified by what I heard, that for hours after I could with difficulty direct my mind to any thing else. And on the following morning, when we met at breakfast again, on reverting to the same subject, and making further inquiries, I was gratified with still further particulars about her

mother's conversion, and the strange and fearful difficulties she had to go through for the sake of her faith; so that at length I requested, as earnestly as I could, that she would commit to paper for me what she had told me by word of mouth. In the course of a few days she put the manuscript narrative into my hands.

Of course, in writing this, her ladyship never anticipated its publication. But, at the same time, while on the one hand that circumstance in the case only makes her narrative the more natural and real; on the other, one feels that she never would have been offended at the liberty I am taking; seeing, in the first place, the edification its perusal will give to many; and, in the second, the encouragement her mother's noble and admirable example will afford to those who so often now have similar difficulties to go through in the same great cause.

Hoping, then, to see the narrative in an early Number of the *Rambler*, believe me yours faithfully,

THOMAS BRINDLE, D.D.

Prior Park, 13th November, 1854.

I regret that it is not in my power to give you many details relating to my mother's conversion; I know of none of the arguments or the train of reasoning which induced her to embrace the truth, or what first led her to doubt the validity of the Anglican doctrines in which she had been educated.

Her father, descended from a long line of Catholic ancestors, and the head of a family none of which had ever deserted their faith, unhappily for himself sought relief from the sorrow which attended the death of his first wife in the society of the gay and profligate; and while yet in early life became entangled in intimacies with men deeply engaged in the politics of the day. He caught the fatal contagion of ambition; and as the penal laws then in force against Catholics forbade any one professing that faith to sit in parliament, he abandoned his religion, and outwardly professed the Anglican doctrines; but his neglect of all religious forms or duties, and the laxity of his morals, were sufficient proofs that in apparently renouncing the faith of his forefathers, he had adopted no other. Indifferent to every thing that regarded religion, but most anxious to prove the sincerity of his Protestantism to the world, he educated his only daughter, the fruit of a subsequent marriage, as an Anglican. She was naturally of a very religious disposition, and did not fail to remark that whenever company was in the house (and it was the rendezvous of all the leading politicians, wits, and authors of the day), her father ostentatiously, and with much parade, attended the parish-church, inviting all his guests to accompany him; whilst,

when the family was alone, or residing (as they did for several months in the year) in London, he never entered any place of worship. His language, however, often advocated the cause to which he did not betray any attachment by his conduct; conscious, probably, that as an apostate his sentiments might be doubtful, to proclaim the sincerity of his Protestantism he dealt out invectives against the true faith. Of an authoritative and violent temper, his daughter early learnt to fear him, and to bow to the decisive opinions which he launched forth; but though she was entirely ignorant of the Catholic religion, and attached to that in which she was educated, she found it difficult to believe that Catholicity taught the monstrous errors which she heard imputed to it, or at least to think that two persons who were the objects of her tenderest affection and respect, could adhere to a creed which appeared to her to be so absurd and superstitious.

The one was a sister of her father's, who stood in regard to her in the place of the mother whom she had lost. Strongly attached to the true faith, Miss N—— bitterly lamented her brother's apostasy; but many years younger than himself, and of a gentle and submissive temper, she feared him too much to venture on remonstrance, or to break the strict command he had laid on her, to refrain from speaking on religion to his daughter. She could only pray, endeavouring to interest heaven in behalf of the child whom she loved as her own.

The other person to whom my mother looked up with feelings which yielded only to those which bound her to her aunt, was an Italian governess. Anxious to secure for his daughter the best instruction in every accomplishment, Lord N—— had engaged this lady, that the Italian language might be learnt in all its purity; but she was also restrained by the severest prohibitions from speaking on religion to her pupil, though her piety and amiability were forcible arguments in favour of the religion which she professed. After being for three years the instructress of my mother, she left the situation to fulfil a matrimonial engagement with a gentleman of her own faith, and of independent fortune, residing in London.

Lord N—— had a great dread of the want of principle and conduct which he had often observed in persons selected as governesses, and therefore hesitated long in replacing one whom he so much esteemed. He finally determined not to appoint any successor, lest he might discover what he should not approve,—though my mother was at that time but fourteen years of age; thinking that under his sister's guidance, and with different masters for the various branches of knowledge and the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire, she

would not need an instructress. After making this decision, he took his family in the spring to his house in the country, where my mother hourly had reason to regret the friend whose society had been so agreeable to her. To divert her many solitary hours, she had recourse to a large and well-filled library, the contents of which, even at that early age, she had already learned to appreciate.

Ranging over the shelves, her eye was caught by a collection of books in old bindings, which occupied the upper compartment of one side of the room. These proved to be many of the most approved works on spirituality, and many on the subject of controversy,—being a collection once belonging to a Catholic ancestor. The controversial writings first attracted my mother's attention,—surprising as it may seem that so young a girl should relish a study so deep and abstruse. Providence directed that Lord N—— should be absent from home during the greatest part of this summer and the ensuing autumn. Left alone with her aunt, there was therefore no one who could prevent her devoting several hours daily to a subject which also daily became more interesting to her. The books which filled these upper shelves of the library were entirely written by Catholic authors. Often has she shown me the library-steps, on the top of which she has passed whole mornings reading. But the arguments which tended to prove the truth of Catholicity were at first startling; and she thought that they must be easily answered by Protestant divines, of whose writings a large collection also filled another part of this library. To these she had recourse, with all the ardour which this question had awakened in a naturally eager and enlightened mind; but it was in vain that she sought for satisfactory answers to the reasoning, the doubts, and arguments displayed in the works of the Catholic authors; their attacks on the (so-called) reformed doctrines, and their assertions of the authority, truth, and consistency of their own, were alike unanswerable. To a mind so candid and so full of quick perceptions as was my mother's, the conviction which gradually stole upon her was inevitable; she was disappointed in finding that Protestant writers, whom she had been taught to respect and to look to as unerring authorities, failed to diminish the force of the more powerful advocacy of Truth,—for such she was now, as in spite of herself, compelled to admit it to be. She detected in her hitherto esteemed and valued champions of Protestantism weakness in argument, sophistry, inconsistency, and want of candour. Such a discovery revolted her; and she soon learnt to detest the errors she had ignorantly believed, and the impositions by which her mind had been worked on

to adopt them, and to give implicit faith to the calumnies which were spread against that Church which now appeared to her to be that only one which Christ came upon earth to found,—that Rock against which hell should not prevail.

To this conviction a determination could not fail to succeed that she would run all risks to embrace this one true faith, and brave every difficulty rather than forego her hopes of heaven, which she now felt depended on her professing the faith which had thus been mercifully revealed to her.

The first obstacle which presented itself to her mind was the displeasure of a father whom she knew to be terrible in his anger, and who, as she was ignorant of his apostasy, she deemed to be attached to the creed which he professed, or at all events detesting that which he so virulently maligned. Winter having now commenced, Lord N—— removed with his family to London, and the ardent young convert lost no time in seeking to procure for herself further instruction. Many difficulties presented themselves, which might have deterred a less energetic or less determined mind than hers. At that time, 1772, most of the penal laws against Catholics were still in force: priests dared not to appear publicly; for saying Mass a priest incurred the penalty of death; and the individual at whose house it could be proved that Mass had been celebrated suffered forfeiture of property and transportation for life. Great difficulty existed in finding a priest; but very few of them lived in London, concealed, and known only to their scattered flocks. My mother knew that her aunt attended Mass; but fearing to disobey Lord N——, she dared not help her niece. After a short deliberation, my mother resolved upon confiding in her late governess, to whose house Lord N—— had always allowed her to go unattended. Her friend entered with joyful eagerness into the pious views of her former pupil, and resolved to run every risk to aid the execution of so praiseworthy a resolve. But she found it impossible to prevail upon the priest who had been accustomed to attend her family to meet at her house a young lady of rank, whose conversion would, when known, attract general attention and surprise, as well as the anger and persecution of her own family, which, falling on him, would be, as his timidity suggested, the means of his being sent out of England, and rendering him useless to a mission he long had served. His refusal was a severe disappointment, and it was long ere another priest could be found.

Providence, however, prospered Mrs. C.'s researches, and she succeeded in arranging certain days and hours, during which the zealous young convert could be absent from her

father's house, without any apparent attempt at concealment; announcing that she intended passing the morning with her friend and former instructress, to whose house she walked through the park attended by a maid and a servant, whom she dismissed at the door, desiring them to call for her in the afternoon,—the priest taking care to be at Mrs. C.'s house before her arrival. After having for some weeks continued in this way to receive instructions, she sometimes ventured to walk unattended at an early hour to Mrs. C.'s; but her appearance attracted attention, and once being alarmed by the rude admiration of some young men who followed her, yet not frightened from her steadfast purpose, she ever after, when she went unattended, muffled her face in the hood worn in those days, and limped in her gait, to assume the appearance of age. When her instructions were completed, she was privately received into the Church,—being conditionally baptised, with only her friend Mrs. C. as a witness, in a small back-parlour in her house, where she subsequently assisted at Mass, and as privately made her first communion. I must again, at this part of my narrative, express my regret that I know not what were the doubts which still existed in my mother's mind when she first asked for instruction, or what principally struck her as being the most forcible proofs of the truth of Catholicity.

The train of reasoning and the arguments which enlightened and induced a mind so strong as hers to see and embrace the truth, would be highly interesting and most useful. She had committed the history of her conversion to writing, and at her death my father gave me all her papers; but I in vain searched for what was most valuable to me, and had afterwards reason to believe that it was purposely destroyed by a servant, who mistook the writing for testamentary dispositions, which it was her interest to prevent coming into my possession and that of my father.

Once received into the Church, my mother felt her happiness to be unbounded, her peace of mind secured; and, with the sanguine temperament of youth, anticipated no difficulties except those attending on keeping her religion a profound secret from her father. Two years now passed in the tranquil, though concealed, practice of it: she had, however, scarcely completed her sixteenth year, when, as the declared heiress of Lord N——'s large estates, many suitors presented themselves; and she began to dread the possibility of being constrained by her father to contract a marriage with a Protestant. However, he in some measure consulted his daughter's welfare, by refusing to listen to the proposals of several, whose

brilliant positions in life would have otherwise tempted him, had not the laxity of their morals indisposed him to intrust her happiness to the keeping of a libertine; till she began to hope that he would not find one whose character would stand the test of his inquiries. Her suspense, however, was quickly ended; she was aware that her inclinations would not be considered, and that her father's approval alone would be necessary to decide her fate for life; she therefore regarded it as sealed, when he told her that he had long arranged a marriage for her with the nephew and heir of his friend the Earl of T——, who at that time held a conspicuous place in the cabinet.

Young Mr. G—— was just returned from a foreign tour, to enter upon the career of politics, which subsequently engrossed the greater part of his life, and in which his uncle, his father, and all his family, were deeply engaged. He was one of the leading young men of the day; and in moral character he was as far above those who had hitherto aspired to my mother's hand, as his expectations and actual position were above most of them. Heir to an earldom and large property, with a high character for talents and acquirements, and of a family possessing at that time the greatest political influence;—while all this realised the most sanguine hopes which Lord N——'s ambition had formed for his daughter, she duly appreciated all that was amiable and attractive in his manners and character, and soon became devotedly attached to him; thus also becoming blinded to a sternness of disposition and firmness of resolve, which threatened to endanger the happiness of her future life, when directed towards a subject of vital importance to herself. Mr. G—— had been educated in violent prejudices against the Catholic religion; and their engagement had subsisted some time without his in the least suspecting what were the religious sentiments of his intended bride. She attempted by insinuations and hints to convey to him, as by degrees, the information which she thought it her duty to impart to him before their marriage; but she found the task to be most difficult, as he appeared unable to admit the possibility of any reasonable being professing doctrines so monstrous and absurd as those of Catholicity. When at last she announced the fact to him, she was thunderstruck when he replied, "I had rather that you had owned to me that you were a Mohammedan; but your somewhat tardy avowal makes no difference in my sentiments towards you. I have no doubt that I shall soon succeed in persuading you to renounce this folly; meanwhile, depend upon it, that, once my wife, you shall never again be allowed to see a Popish priest or attend your Popish mummeries, but regularly accompany

me every Sunday to the only reasonable worship, that of the Church of England."

In vain she endeavoured to mollify him, in vain she attempted even to frighten him from concluding the marriage; an effort she had recourse to in despair, when she found his prejudices and resolutions alike unconquerable. He threatened to communicate what she had told him to her father; till her extreme terror moved his compassion, and extorted from him a promise of silence. Her misery now was great; she dared not brave the terrible anger of her father, by refusing to conclude a marriage now on the point of taking place; nor could she do so without assigning the reason, which would, she knew, increase his anger to an ungovernable height. Without a friend to support her, she dared take no step; she trusted to the influence she hoped to gain over Mr. G——, whose ardent attachment to her seemed to justify that hope; and despairingly she resigned herself to a fate which no longer presented to her a brilliant or unchequered prospect, but in which both her happiness here and hereafter seemed most doubtful, unless a constancy hardly to be expected in one so young had power to keep her true to religion, and to bear unmoved the trials which awaited her.

The day before that fixed for the marriage, April 15th, 1774, she as usual stole privately at an early hour to the house of her friend, where Mass was celebrated; at which, having previously approached the tribunal of Penance, she received the Holy Communion; and the solemn service being concluded, the priest, with earnest and impressive solicitations, not unmixed with tears, exhorted her to perseverance, patience, and endurance; to seek support and comfort from constant prayer, and in God alone; to supplicate continually for His grace, to guide her amid the dangers that would surround her, and to omit nothing that might induce her husband to allow her the practice of her religion, or that might remove his prejudices, and place before him in its true colours the one holy Church of Christ. Receiving her solemn promises to do all that he enjoined, he gave her a parting benediction; and the recollection of it, and of his exhortations, as well as of the Holy Communion, in which she had participated, were her sole comforts and supports during after-years of coercion and restraint.

The first Sunday after their marriage Mr. G—— entered on the line of conduct he had resolved on, and insisted on her accompanying him to the parish-church. Too much attached to her, and of too polished a mind and manners to use violence, he was, nevertheless, not to be resisted; and she was

compelled to sit and weep through the long monotonous service, to which she always refused even apparently to attend; never opening the Prayer-book offered to her, and evidently showing her horror of a worship which she knew to be false. Every succeeding Sunday brought a repetition of this misery; and often have I, walking with her in the avenue of trees which led to the church, listened to her melancholy descriptions of her wretchedness as she trod that path, praying inwardly that the next time she passed under those trees, it might be in her coffin;—so completely did this persecution subdue her spirits, and blight all the happiness which otherwise would have been hers. Always on the watch for an excuse to avoid this weekly infliction, sometimes the weather was friendly to her hopes; and how has she described to me the anxiety with which, on these dreaded Sunday mornings, she watched the clouds, and prayed for a continuance of the storm! Indisposition, too, occasionally served as an excuse; she, as may be supposed, exaggerated as best she could any slight illness that could be assigned as a pretext; for her husband, indulgent on every point but one, always instantly yielded, if there appeared to be the slightest risk attending her leaving the house. But these reprieves, purchased by subterfuge and anxiety, by no means served to alleviate the miseries of her position. It was remarkable that from the first, in the long course of a union which subsisted eight-and-thirty years, Mr. G—— never attempted to argue or reason with her, or endeavour to discover what were the foundations for an attachment and conviction so strong as those which bound her to her faith. Nor did he ever suggest to her any controversial studies, or to consult or listen to the opinions of any clergyman of the Anglican Church, though many frequented the house.

Amongst others was one who had been tutor to Mr. G——, and through life remained his friend, and as such attained to high rank in the prelacy. He loved and admired my mother, appreciated her virtues and talents, and great mutual regard subsisted between them. In the first years of their acquaintance, he, unsolicited, took frequent opportunities of attacking her faith, and remonstrating with her, endeavouring to draw her back to Anglicanism; but though a man of sense and talent, and by no means deficient in theological information, her arguments soon baffled him; it was then her turn to attack, and he, completely foiled, sought in every way to avoid the subject, which, however, she used often in after-years, sometimes playfully, often seriously, to renew, though without any hope of producing any conviction in one whose

provision for his numerous family depended on his bishopric. My father's sole object seemed to be the concealment of her religious opinions,—he appeared to despair of changing them, conscious perhaps that he had none to offer in exchange; yet this concealment had, as he ought to have considered it would, the effect of lowering my mother in the opinions of those who otherwise would have esteemed as much as they loved her.

Two sisters of my father's, one rather younger, the other two years older than my mother, came to reside with them. One of my aunts has often lamented it to me. They loved and respected my mother. The decorum of her manners and conduct; the firmness of principle and excellent sentiments she so constantly exhibited and expressed; her steadiness when launched in extreme youth into the vortex of the world, with all the temptations that accompany rank, beauty, and riches, with a husband too much engrossed by political avocations to guide her inexperience or attend her in the scenes of gaiety and splendour in which she mixed;—all this seemed so strange a contradiction to her evident avoidance of all attendance on public worship, and reluctance to converse on religious subjects, that it shocked and grieved them; and after some time the elder sister remonstrated. What she said was received mildly and kindly, but of course did not alter my mother's conduct; and till some years afterwards, when they began to suspect the truth, they almost reproached themselves for their affection for one, whose apparent neglect of all religious duties they could not but condemn. Six dreary years thus passed away. A son had been born, and my mother had the additional sorrow of seeing him baptised, and his early education commencing in a false religion. The Sundays' persecution had, however, for some time relaxed, till by degrees it had been entirely discontinued; still she was debarred the practice of her religion, and any hint which she occasionally ventured to give on the subject was received by my father with great displeasure, and repetitions of the assurance that no religious practice would ever be allowed to her.

He at that time, by the death of his uncle, succeeded to his title and very large property, added to that of his father, which he already enjoyed. This, as it obliged my mother to remove to a very large family-seat in the country always filled with company, and placed her at the head of a very extensive establishment, and in a still more constant round of gaiety and worldliness than that in which she had already been obliged to mix, only increased the irksomeness of her situation; and the disquiet of her mind, on which anxiety and

coercion so long had preyed, probably aided in bringing on a severe attack of typhus-fever, which in a few days threatened to terminate seriously. She has often described to me the agonies of her mind, as she felt her illness daily increasing, and read the truth in the alarmed countenances of her husband and the medical-attendants; for she felt that she would be left to die bereft of all religious assistance or consolation. Her aunt, Miss N——, who often resided with her, and was her only earthly consolation, was gone abroad. She had not a Catholic near her. She feared, too, that if she expressed a wish for religious attendance, her husband might bring an Anglican minister to her, perhaps insist upon her listening to his prayers. After some days of this dreadful mental combat, the fever daily increasing, she felt that she was dying. No human prudence or respects had any longer power to restrain her; all fear of her husband's anger or its consequences vanished before that dreadful and paramount terror that she should die an alien to the Church. She screamed loudly for a priest; proclaimed that she was a Catholic debarred from the practice of her religion; exclaimed at the cruelty of persevering in that deprivation when she was on her deathbed,—of causing the eternal loss of her soul. Her affrighted attendants thought her raving; the physicians were summoned; but they, soon feeling convinced that it was not delirium, but some real terror, that acted on her mind, were leaving the room to summon my father, when he, entering the house, heard her screams, which resounded now through every part of it; and hastily entering her room, was overwhelmed by her exclamations and reproaches, and still more by finding that, to the physicians and a crowd of servants attracted by their lady's cries, the secret was divulged which he had vainly hoped would for ever remain unknown. He approached her, whispering the most earnest entreaties that she would be pacified, and all should be as she wished. Nothing would satisfy her but a formal promise; giving as a reason the six years of persecution she had endured,—thus further informing the astonished listeners of what she had hitherto endured in silence. He turned all out of the room; though it was useless to do so. Perhaps he could not bring himself before witnesses to make the promise required; but after vainly endeavouring to evade it, or to quiet her by general assurances, he promised her solemnly that she should be attended by a priest, and through her future life be allowed, under certain restrictions, the practice of her religion. So blessed a hope instantly calmed her; she consented to obey the physicians' injunctions, to take the composing medicines prescribed, to observe a perfect silence

on all that had passed; and, her mind probably in great measure influencing the state of her health, her recovery was surprising in its progress.

In his joy at witnessing it, my father's usual reserve on the subject nearest to her heart gave way; and he more than once during her convalescence gave her the assurance that they should move to London as soon as she could bear the journey, and that he would, when there, lose no time in finding a priest who should be allowed to see her. He had not the slightest idea of what she had to do when the priest should be introduced to her, or why she should not be contented with being permitted to pray as she pleased, and not to be compelled to attend any other service. To attend Mass regularly on Sundays and festivals she found that she should not be allowed to do, however privately; but that an interview once in each year with a priest was all that she could hope for. *That*, however, was so great a gain, that, fearful of losing it if she asked for more, she resolved to lose no opportunity of gaining a further boon by degrees, if possible, and meanwhile to profit by what would at least enable her to keep in communion with the Church, and not force upon her the misery of appearing what she was not, by attending the Anglican worship. She succeeded, however, in making my father understand that it was right and desirable to receive the Sacrament, and that therefore she felt so much anxiety to see a priest.

The journey to London took place. She had hastened it as much as possible, by endeavouring to appear to have recovered her health more than she really had; but as her nerves were still much shaken, she could not help tormenting herself with the fear, that as her husband was not acquainted with any Catholics, he would not know how to find a priest, as they kept themselves so much concealed, and that it might be possible that he might be imposed upon, and introduce one to her not authorised as a missionary or approved by the bishop. She therefore, in this uncertainty, felt less joy than she otherwise would, when in a few days he announced to her that the priest was found. On her beginning to question him how and when he had made the discovery, he angrily refused to answer, saying, "I have taken care to provide a priest whom I am sure of; no meddling Jesuit shall interfere in my family-affairs, or be an adviser to my wife. Set your mind at rest. I have found a proper priest; but he shall not enter my house. I will accompany you to the place where you can see him and receive your Sacrament." It was then necessary to inform him that Confession must precede Holy Communion, and that she therefore must see the priest alone. This nearly

proved a stumbling-block to her hopes. "Auricular confession," of which he had never heard but in terms of ridicule, contempt, and reprobation,—the tool by which priests governed their flocks, intermeddled between parents and children, husband and wife;—a rite which he supposed had now been found to be so objectionable as to have been abandoned by the educated and enlightened amongst the Catholics themselves; that his wife should submit to this,—that the affairs of his family were to be made known to a Popish priest, who was to be the judge of every thing, no arrangement to be made but by his consent and advice;—no, to *that* my father would not consent. My mother reminded him of his unconditional promise. He had not thought confession an integral part of her religious practice, or he never would, he never could have made that promise. She found herself on the eve of losing the long-hoped-for happiness: entreaties, expostulations, explanations, assurances that in confession no names were ever mentioned, nothing told to a confessor that could lead him to judge of the affairs of a family, that he was bound by every tie that could bind a man to the profoundest secrecy to make no use of any thing revealed to him in confession,—all were vain, no arguments could avail; until, seeing her extreme distress, and determined to keep his promise if he could, he questioned her closely on the nature of a confession; and it struck her, that if she could bring herself at once to show him the confession which, being one of several years, she had prepared in writing, it might perhaps be the best explanation she could give, and reconcile him to the idea of permitting her to participate in a Sacrament, the nature of which he would thus fully understand. She felt the act to be one of great humiliation, that it was a great sacrifice; but what would she not do to attain the long-wished-for end? It has always appeared to me the most heroic act she could have performed.

After hardly a moment's reflection and hesitation, she placed the paper in his hands, requesting him to read it, and giving him her solemn assurance that it was her confession, and that the paper contained every word that she should say in confession to the priest, and that she should add nothing to it. He appeared much surprised and touched by this act of confidence. She reiterated her assurances and requests: he read the paper; but had not examined half its contents, when he burst into tears, repeatedly asking, was this all that ever composed a confession? She assured him that it never was composed of any thing but the sins of the penitent. Quite overcome by emotion, he returned the paper, saying, that indeed no objection could exist to confession; that all husbands must

wish their wives to practise it; and that if all confessions were like *that*, there would be fewer bad and more good wives in the world than there were; and hastily left her, sobbing like a child.

Returning thanks to God, who had given her courage to perform this act, my mother set about further preparations for the happiness which she now hoped in a very short time to enjoy. And the next day Lord T—— told her that the next day she must rise at six, as he must take her early to the place where the priest would meet them. Still weakened and languid, this expedition in a winter morning was an exertion to her; but her joy was too great to think of inconveniences. The day had scarcely dawned when they left the house on foot; for Lord T—— would not allow a hackney-coach, much less his own carriage, to come to the door, lest the servants should discover, and it should become known, what was the object of their early expedition. After walking some way, however, fearing the fatigue for my mother, he called a hackney-carriage, and they proceeded on a course which to her seemed to extend far into the city. By narrow streets, unknown to her, they approached a small, mean-looking house; when my father, sending away the carriage, preceded her up a steep narrow stair, till on the third flight they turned into a small room, where a man of respectable appearance, a clever, penetrating countenance, with great appearance of mildness and benignity, awaited them. Coldly but civilly saluting him, my father said that he was aware that a confessor and penitent must be left alone, and that another room was prepared for him where he should wait; and saying this, he withdrew.

Left alone with this person, all my mother's fears returned that Lord T—— might have been imposed upon, and ignorant where to find a priest. She therefore put a few questions, calculated, as she thought, to find out were this really a priest or not; but soon aware of her drift, the gentleman laughed, and said, "My dear child, fear nothing. I am a priest; and not only that, but a father of the Society of Jesus." As he said this with all the appearance of truth, she could hardly suppress a smile, as she recollected her husband's express determination not to allow a "meddling Jesuit to advise his wife." The person continued: "If you doubt me, the Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic, living at No. —, in — street, will tell you that I am no impostor. My name is Thomas T——; I am brother to Lord S——." There was *that* in his look and manner that persuaded her he spoke the truth; and she had heard that the then Earl of S—— had two brothers Jesuits. She therefore hesitated no longer, but made her confession;

after which she asked his permission to receive the Holy Communion, which he granted, asking her if he should meet her the ensuing morning at the house where they then were, or if she could come to his abode, where he had a little private chapel, where he could celebrate Mass more decently. She then found, to her extreme disappointment, that her husband, not aware that it was necessary to do so, had not apprised Father T—— that the penitent he was to meet would wish to be communicated that morning in the same room, which, with that where Lord T—— was awaiting them, had, he told her, been hired for that day only; but as he could not understand why she could not again meet him next day, she told him her whole history and her name; for Lord T—— had not, it seemed, revealed his, but called upon Father T——, and made the appointment with him. How he had discovered his abode, or even heard of his existence, Father T—— could not tell; nor did my mother ever after find out by what means Lord T—— had been directed in his search.

After hearing all her difficulties, however, Father T—— strongly advised her not to irritate her husband by asking for another immediate interview with himself; that if any opportunity occurred, she might endeavour to obtain another while she remained in London; if not, to wait the ensuing year with patience and resignation, as a further demand might risk to her the loss of what she had obtained. On the contrary, he exhorted her by every means to conciliate Lord T——, and above all, to express a lively gratitude for what he had now conceded to her. With my mother's eager temperament, there was great difficulty in following Father T——'s advice; though he enjoined it strictly, and obtained her promise to do so before they parted. It was no easy task to her to appear to Lord T—— as cheerful as she wished for every reason to seem to be after being allowed the practice of her religion, or to suppress the severe feelings of disappointment which this cruel privation had caused her. When they rejoined my father, he appeared rather impatient at the length of their conversation, stiffly thanked Father T——, and led his wife away, who, rallying her spirits, thanked him warmly for the happiness he had afforded her. He heard her silently, coldly answering, that at the same time next year she should "meet her priest again;" but that in the mean time, he desired her never to "mention the subject to him," and above all, on her life, not to mention it to another human being. She well knew that nothing remained for her but submission, and feared that there was no hope of her gaining more than she already had. This year, however, passed away comparatively happily; though,

particularly at Easter, and the other great feasts of the Church, she keenly felt the cruelty of her position. Three years more passed in this way; every winter, as soon as they arrived in town, Lord T—— told her, that on such a day she must be ready to accompany him; and almost before daybreak they in the same way walked, or in a hackney-carriage proceeded to a hired room. Father T——, however, aware of the circumstances, always, after the first interview, took care to be in the rooms long enough before their arrival to prepare in one of them what was requisite for saying Mass, during which—the only Mass she could attend in the year—he always communicated her.

[To be completed in our next.]

Rebels.

DE VERE'S POEMS.

Poems. By Aubrey De Vere. Burns and Lambert.

THAT idealised reality which constitutes the essence of all true poetry takes various forms, according to the different characters of those who are naturally gifted for its utterance. With every poet there is ever the same irrepressible aspiration after a world of beauty created by the imagination, but formed only from such materials as are within the range of actual possibility, or such as were once accounted possible by men of like natures with ourselves. But one poet embodies these aspirations in a dramatic form, another in a lyric, another in an epic, another in a sonnet or a song. All alike desire to escape from the hard dreary prose of daily life, and live for a while in a land where greatness is heroic, and beauty undimmed, and language rich and vivid, and the deepest emotions of the soul find easy and perfect expression, and the intense consciousness which we all possess of being born for better things is not frozen or thwarted by every object that meets the eye and the ear.

Still, this ideal world is entered through different portals, and especially loved for one or other of its manifold charms by men of distinct natural characters. One poet delights in an imaginary existence peopled with men and women in perpetual movement and action, and filling up the mind's eye with such prominence, that every other element of beauty and interest is made to serve only as an accessory. He seeks in-

tensity of emotion, rapid brevity of impression, and such unity of action and striking painting of human feelings, as shall fill the mind with a sense of the overwhelming moment of every thing that belongs to man, and the irresistible force with which every event is hastening on to produce its results either for weal or woe. Such is the type of character which expresses itself in the dramatic form.

Another prefers the more equable grandeur of the epic poem. His ideal world must present humanity not only in action and emotion, but under such circumstances as allow those who watch its movements to dwell upon the nobleness, the infinite variety of the charms, and the hidden meaning of the scene they contemplate. He seeks to understand, to admire, to love, or to abhor the personages that move before him, rather than to sympathise with them with that absorbing interest which it is the aim of drama to awaken. With less intensity of expression, the epic presents more of mere beauty of form and colour than the drama. It is less human ; but it is more magnificent.

Other poets, unequal to the creation of an imaginary existence so grand in its proportions, love to dwell upon certain individual phases of human life, or certain moods of the human heart, or certain ideas suggested by the innumerable types of moral beauty with which the visible universe is thronged. One such poet is rapid, vigorous, and daring, and his very words embody the idea of the musician chanting to the ringing chords of his own lyre. Another is sad, plaintive, and elegiac. Another can speak only in the "song," pouring out some single thought or feeling, or recounting some touching story in a few eloquent stanzas, rapidly awakening our emotions for a brief space, and content to let us turn quickly to other ideas, if only he can truly stir the depths of our hearts for a few passing minutes. Others, again, are meditative, philosophic, and dwell more on their thoughts and fancies as their own, than as those of our common humanity.

Then, again, every poet has his own peculiar temperament and capacities for mere verbal utterance. In one, passion predominates ; in another, feeling ; in a third, a love for refinement and grace of structure and language ; in a fourth, a power of musical rhythm and delicious intonation. One is wild, irregular, and suggestive, like a broken waterfall ; another, like a deep and gentle river, is self-possessed, clear, and so calm that at first sight he may seem cold or shallow. Still, every where the poet's domain is an ideal world ; but its inhabitants and the home in which they live and move are not mere inventions of the audacious intellect, but are transplanted from the

actual world of humanity and life, transfigured in the light which shines upon them from the genius of the poet himself.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere is a poet essentially meditative. Though singularly free from the tendencies to self-exhibition so common with poets of this class, it is not difficult to read the character of his mind from the volume now before us. With him the natural poetic aspiration is clearly an aspiration, not after an ideal life existing in imagination alone, but after a universe as yet invisible, but real, glorious, eternal, and the destined home of the thoughts and desires of man. It is the misery of the mere human poet, that he mistakes the true meaning of his gift, calling it often, it is true, a *divine* gift, but little knowing what that word "divine" imports. Little does he perceive that the poetic element in man—and we believe there is no human being wholly destitute of it—suberves to the intellect, in some degree, the same purpose that the conscience does to our moral nature. A conviction is deeply rooted in us, that these indescribable and often most painful longings after some unknown state of beauty, truth, and love, are a distinct indication that we are designed for something better than a mill-wheel repetition of prosy routine, in which nine-tenths of our thoughts are occupied in transitory trivialities. We are confident that the ineffable loveliness of sight and sound which the earth and heavens present for our enjoyment, is really a type, a language, a foreshadowing of some new state of being, of which the brightest beauties of this present life are but the dimmest of anticipations.

We know no English poet of whose mind this great truth has more evidently taken early possession than of Mr. De Vere's. Its expression constitutes, in fact, the substance of nearly all his poetry. He has gone about the world and among his fellow-men from his boyhood, ever seeking the meaning of these mysterious chords that sounded in the ear of his soul; watching the play of light, and shade, and colour on the face of the earth, and wondering what it all meant; questioning himself and those about him as to the secret of human life, and gently essaying one earthly object after another in quest of the solution of the problem, "Where is the soul's true home?"

His character appears to be one of feeling rather than of passion; not vehement or impulsive, but deep, tender, gentle, and affectionately fond of every thing that comes near him, when not positively repulsive. His imagination is lively, varied, and refined, rather than daring or strikingly original. He loves to dwell on the past history of humanity; but it is rather to decipher the hidden meaning of the characters in

which it is written, than to revive its events in dramatic life. He has clearly described the characteristic occupations of his own mind in the following sonnet on

MEDITATION.

“ What is more glorious than a noble Thought?
 What is more blessed?—In that thought to dwell;
 To build your bower within it; scoop a cell;
 Inlay with precious ores a secret grot,
 A hermit's place of rest: to wander not;
 But lean in peace above its caverned well,
 Yielding to that pure runnel's murmuring spell,
 Or sound of sighing forests heard remote.
 Such holy promptings moved of old our sires
 Those vast cathedrals cruciform to raise
 That make us dwell *within* the Cross: and still,
 Sweet as the gradual breeze from all their choirs
 Moving with dawning day o'er wood and hill,
 The thoughts by those grey Minsters quickened to God's praise!”

The purity and refinement of Mr. De Vere's taste appear most conspicuous in his poems on those subjects which few poets have sung upon without verging in some degree upon a questionable sensuousness. The skill and delicacy of his touch in this respect is quite remarkable, and constitute a characteristic in his writings. Such is the peculiarity of the poem “Psyche; or, an old Poet's Love,” written in 1847. Another such is the “Hymn for the Feast of the Annunciation,” written evidently since Mr. De Vere has been a Catholic; for we question whether the best of Protestants could have painted that all-wonderful scene with such a union of force, truth, and reverent ardour. One fragment from this hymn we must give, as expressing, we are sure, not only what the world's loneliness spoke to the ancient poetic mind before the Annunciation, but what it whispered to the living poet himself before he learnt the full solution of the great enigma:

“ Mournful, till now, to the o'er-experienced ear,
 Mournful were all the harmonies of earth,
 As Autumn's dirge over the dying Year:
 Yea, more than sadness blended
 With melodies of mirth.
 The ocean, murmuring on the shore,
 Breathed inland far a sad ‘no more:’
 The winds but left their midnight cells
 To fill the day with lorn ‘farewells.’”

As might have been expected, Mr. De Vere's genius has strikingly expanded itself and gained in warmth, since he entered the Catholic Church. This result is not, indeed, what would take place in all poets, however truly they might be

gifted with the poetic *afflatus*. Viewed simply as poetry, their poems would gain little or nothing, except in being freed from certain artistic excrescences or moral deformities. If Milton had been a Catholic, the *Paradise Lost* would not have been Arian in its theology; but, as a poem, we think it would have been much what it is now. Spenser would have remained what he is. Byron, Coleridge, and Scott, would have gained little or nothing as mere poets. Wordsworth, on the other hand, would, we conceive, have acquired precisely that straightforward manliness, that healthy hearty vigour, and that power of discriminating between the noble and the worthless, in which he remained so singularly deficient to the last. A devout Catholic could hardly be a mawkish twaddler, or mistake a feeble pantheism for a divine revelation, with one half of Wordsworth's intellectual powers.

In our judgment, Mr. De Vere as a Catholic poet is quite another man from what he was as an Anglican. His heart never went out thoroughly, cordially, and spontaneously to any object, so long as it was oppressed with that sense of spiritual uncertainty and artificialness which clings to the best sons of Anglicanism. His strains remind us of a classical bas-relief by Thorwaldsen or Flaxman; imaginative and truthful, but yet cold. As a Catholic poet, his heart and intellect are at once strong and free; and as such he has given us a set of poems, all of them marked by the same thoughtfulness, grace, and unaffected earnestness, and many of them nothing less than profound and beautiful.

Unlike most poets who attempt that seductive thing, the sonnet, Mr. De Vere succeeds in his sonnets better than in any other form of verse. The sonnet is pre-eminently the instrument for the meditative poet; and many of those in Mr. De Vere's volume are as perfect specimens of what a sonnet should be as any we can call to mind, especially as they possess that rare merit in the songs of "sonneteers"—a freedom from conceit, egotism, and affectation. Take for instance the two following; and if the reader has ever heard the marvellous strains of Allegri sung beneath the prophets and sibyls of Michael Angelo, and has a musical ear attuned to reverberate to their mysterious risings and fallings, he will thank the poet for giving so strange and so fitting a shape to the emotions those notes produce.

THE 'MISERERE' IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

1.

"From sadness on to sadness, woe to woe,
Searching all depths of grief ineffable,

Those sighs of the Forsaken sink and swell;
 And to a piercing shrillness, gathering, grow.
 Now, one by one, commingling now they flow:
 Now in the dark they die, a piteous knell,
 Lorn as the wail of exiled Israel,
 Or Hagar weeping o'er her outcast. No—
 Never hath loss external forced such sighs!
 O ye with secret sins that inly bleed,
 And drift from God, search out, if ye are wise,
 Your unrepented infelicities:
 And pray, whate'er the punishment decreed,
 It prove not exile from your Maker's eyes.

2.

"Those sounds expiring on mine ear, mine eye
 Was by a corresponding impress spelled:
 A vision of the Angels that rebelled
 Still hung before me through the yielding sky,
 Sinking on plumes outstretched imploringly.
 Their Tempter's hopes and theirs for ever quelled,
 They sank, with hands upon their eyes close-held,
 And longed, methought, for death; yet could not die.
 Down, ever down, a mournful pageant streaming
 With the slow, ceaseless motion of a river,
 Inwoven choirs to ruin blindly tending,
 They sank. I wept as one who weeps while dreaming,
 To see them, host on host, by force descending
 Down the dim gulfs, for ever and for ever."

There are many delightful and most true sonnets on Rome and its wonders; most true, we say, because there is an individual genuineness about Mr. De Vere's meditations which doubles all their charms. Such a one is that upon "St. Peter's by moonlight," written, we should guess, before, but only just before, its author felt that St. Peter's was *his own*.

One or two short poems, not sonnets, we must give, as illustrating what we have said of the particular character of Mr. De Vere's mind, and its personal history.

REALITY.

"Love thy God, and love Him only,
 And thy breast will ne'er be lonely.
 In that one great Spirit meet
 All things mighty, grave, and sweet.
 Vainly strives the soul to mingle
 With a being of our kind:
 Vainly hearts with hearts are twined;
 For the deepest still is single.
 An impalpable resistance
 Holds like natures still at distance.
 Mortal! love that Holy One!
 Or dwell for aye alone."

HUMANITY.

1.

“ Earth’s green expanse: her dawn’s one wave of light:
Her soft winds creeping o’er the forest tall:
Her silence; and the comfort of her night—
Are these then all?
All thou canst give to me,
Humanity?

2.

Tears running down the track of buried smiles:
Time’s shades condensed into the sable pall:
Hope that deserts; and Gladness that beguiles—
Are these then all?
All thou canst give to me,
Humanity?

3.

I saw a Spirit dark ’twixt Earth and Heaven,
Holding a cup in both hands lest it fall—
O friends! a mournful life to us were given,
If Earth were all!
But He who lives for aye hath looked on thee,
Humanity.”

We must also find space for a short series of sonnets on a subject as profound as it is original. No one ever embodied with more touching beauty the emotions of the Christian soul when she looks upon the visible world, once *cursed* for Adam’s sake, and now made new through Christ.

THE BEATIFIC VISION OF THE EARTH.

1.

“ Glad childhood’s dream of marvels past, we rise,
Still on our cheeks the flush of sleep remaining;
And roam the wastes of Earth, our eyelids straining
The glories of that dream to realise:—
Nor seek in vain. Stream, bird, or cloud replies
(Echoes that mock young passion’s amorous feigning):
Fancy shines starlike forth ’mid daylight waning,
And Hope the night-bird sings ’neath shrouded skies.
At last the charm is broken: day by day
Drops some new veil, until the countenance bare
Of that ice-idol, blank Reality,
Confronts us full with cold and loveless eye—
Then dies our heart, unless that Faith we share
Whose touch makes all things gold, and gives us youth for aye.

2.

Hail, Earth, for man’s sake cursed, yet blessing man!
The Saviour trod thine herbage, breathed thine air:
Henceforward not alone through symbols, fair,

Thou showest, delivered from thine ancient ban,
 Memorial bloom withheld since death began :
 Thy Maker's glory doomed at last to share,
 Even now that light transfiguring thou dost wear
 For us, which once adorned His forehead wan—
 'All things are new.' O sing it, heavenly choirs!
 And ye, the choir of God's great Church below,
 The Poets! sound it on your deep-toned lyres :
 From every mountain-top the tidings blow—
 'All things are new.' The Earth hath thrown aside
 Her mourning weeds, and sits a pale, and veiled bride.

3.

Cowering beneath a semilucid veil,
 A semilucid bridal veil of snow,
 Which from the wreath that binds her temples pale
 Down to her white and slender feet doth flow,
 She sits. I hear her breathings soft and low :
 They shake the vine-leaves in that garland frail—
 Like Mary's when she heard th' Angelic 'Hail,'
 Dimly I see her blushes come and go.
 And now, that veil thrown back, her head she raises,
 Fixing upon the stars her star-like eyes—
 As though she felt that Heaven on which she gazes
 Her bosom rises : lo ! her hands, they rise :
 She also rises. Time it is to meet
 Her Lord, and bless 'the light of His returning feet.'"

On the whole, we have no hesitation in recommending Mr. De Vere to our readers as a very delightful companion and a consoling friend.

LORD CARLISLE'S TURKISH AND GREEK WATERS.

Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Second edition. London, 1854.

WHEN Adolphus Smith, returning from his hard-earned holiday tour, gives us the result of his observations as *Gleanings from Camberwell to Kalafat*, we cannot reasonably complain of disappointment, if the volume form but an indifferent edition of one of Murray's handbooks.

Of Adolphus Smith we have known nothing; and should have supposed, if by chance we had heard of him, that his soul had hitherto been immersed in the rise and fall of hops, calicoes, or pig-iron. Expecting, therefore, nothing from him but platitudes and plagiarisms, we do not complain of his book, when he writes one, and we are simple enough to read it; but only wonder how much money he will lose by the speculation.

The case is, however, very different when a nobleman who, prominent in the political struggles of the last quarter of a century, may possibly anticipate being classed by some future Brougham amongst the "statesmen" of his age, imparts to us the impressions of a twelvemonth's residence amongst scenes unparalleled in interest, from their association with the past; an interest heightened in its intensity by their connection with the events of the present day.

Lord Carlisle had opportunities of observation which are offered to few. Every where in the society of our governors, our ministers, and our consuls, he was brought in contact with those best qualified to guide him in his inquiries, and to afford him information upon every topic of interest. An earl, with a well-filled purse, good manners, and a genial disposition, our traveller went forth with advantages not granted to many. Ambassadors were delighted, consuls were honoured, and attachés in ecstasies at the advent of so charming a personage. Those very "well-conditioned" individuals—(as Lord Carlisle delights to call every body that paid him due attentions)—hardly knew how to welcome him too cordially; and, we cannot doubt, were only too eager to pour into his ear every thing they knew that was worth, or not worth, the telling. Without, then, looking for revelations of diplomatic secrets, which may or may not have been confided to him in his intercourse with our ambassadors at Constantinople or Athens, we might fairly expect that he would have been furnished with materials for the formation of views upon the general bearing of events based on more exact information than those which we can pick up any day in the week from the columns of "our own correspondents."

The earl tells us that he has adopted the form of a diary, as having the "merit of presenting a more intimate sense of companionship between the author and reader than can otherwise be obtained." We can very well appreciate all the pleasure to be derived from the "companionship" of one so distinguished for genial and amiable dispositions; but however much and justly qualities of the *heart* may preponderate in the influence upon our happiness in the intercourse of daily life, we must admit, and possibly we should do so with regret, that in authorship qualities of the *head* are very much more likely to carry away the palm.

Had Lord Carlisle adopted the alternative which he placed before himself when he started upon his tour, viz. that of reserving his "diary" for the perusal of friends, we can very well fancy that they would have derived from it all that pleasure which friends will derive from an interest in the most

trivial circumstance connected with the absent; a pleasure which in this instance would have been enhanced by finding how frequently the recollection of those at home was present to the mind of the traveller, and how much his enjoyment of passing scenes was increased or lessened by the reception of intelligence arriving from time to time from those evidently uppermost in his thoughts. At home, Lord Carlisle has taken the public into his confidence, and favoured them with his ideas "in all the freshness of first impressions;" he must not be surprised if he incurs the proverbial consequence of intimate contact. If even a hero loses his heroic proportions in the eyes of his *valet-de-chambre*, how can a man who has no pretence to heroism avoid appearing positively *small* when he calls in the whole world to gaze at him in his *déshabillé*?

We first meet his lordship in the mail-train to Dover, disclaiming any connection with Exeter Hall. He starts, as he informs us, with the conviction that he is on his way to a land about to become "the theatre of completed Scripture prophecy and a commencing new dispensation of events." He at the same time assures his reader that nothing is farther from his intention than "to put this topic in his face during his future progress." We are almost disposed to regret being deprived of the earl's views upon this wide field of conjecture; for if we can form any estimate of their complexion from the few remarks his lordship offers upon kindred questions, we should be led to anticipate that "the Earl of Carlisle on the Apocalypse" would be a worthy pendant to the *Times* newspaper on La Salette and the Immaculate Conception; with this difference, that whereas the journalist overflows with vinegar and bile, the peer would drown us in a flood of very watery and slightly acidulated milk.

At Cologne Lord Carlisle gives us a taste of his theological acuteness. For the "relics and shrine," he says—as we should have expected—"I do not care;" but the day after he has inspected them, he goes to High Mass in the cathedral, and "hopes that he estimates this gorgeous ritual as he ought. He recognises the undoubted hold which the combination of picturesque spectacles, glorious architecture, and delicious harmony must have on the imaginations of many; he still more appreciates the ever-open door, the mixture of classes, and the fervent prayers offered up from obscure recesses and before solitary shrines. But the incessant genuflexions, the parrot-chanting of the legion of priests, and above all, the foreign tongue, persuade him there must be often much that is hollow in the service as well as false in the doctrine." We confess our inability to follow Lord Carlisle in this train of

reasoning. How "the foreign tongue," above all, should be able to convince him of "the unsoundness of the doctrine," quite surpasses our comprehension. We could believe, were it not that we are aware that Lord Carlisle was a double first-class man at Oxford, that his ignorance of the "foreign tongue" was equal to his ignorance of the "doctrine," and therefore that he, for conscience' sake, jumbled both up in one sentence of condemnation, not being very clear which was the cause or which the consequence, or whether there was any necessary connection at all between the two.

After this little dart into theology, our traveller proceeds up the Rhine. His recent visit to the United States, and the presence of two Americans, naturally leads to comparison between the banks of the Rhine and those of the Hudson. The English peer remarks with astonishment "the small appearance of traffic upon the Rhine," in which, and one or two other particulars, he yields the supremacy to its transatlantic rival. His American companions, "the sons of the United States," thought every thing in Europe was verging to a state of "hopeless decrepitude," and pronounced the Rhine to be a "small creek;" a flattish version, by the way of the old dialogue, "This here Rhine ain't much by the side of our Mississippi." "Old Europe is 'tarnally chawed up."

Lord Carlisle's American friends venture to draw an unfavourable contrast between the domestic duties of their women and the female field-labour of Germany; whereupon, fresh from "Mrs. Stowe's" and "Stafford House," our traveller enthusiastically exclaims, "Never mind, German women, you are all free women!"

Travelling through "Saxon Switzerland," Lord Carlisle observes how much the rapid transit of a railway increases "the risk of superficial conclusions." Of the truth of this profound remark there can be no doubt; but we can scarcely attribute to "rapid transit" the wretchedly bad taste of the following entry in the Diary. Passing from Saxony into Bohemia, the changeable aspect of the people and their dwellings affords an opportunity for the following observation:

"I think I may take credit to myself for wishing to look at all things with an unbigoted eye; but true it seems to be, that as soon as you come to the crucifix on the high knolls and in the little groves, often most picturesque in effect, the appearance of comfort and well-being among the people is on the wane."

The attempt to connect dirt and Catholicity is not original in Lord Carlisle; though he may claim the merit of having singled out the presence of the symbol of our Redemption as the witness testifying to the union.

The comparative civilisation of Catholic and Protestant countries, so far as Europe is concerned, was discussed in a recent paper of our own.* As to Asia, Mr. Layard has established the question beyond the possibility of cavil. That distinguished traveller and statesman gives the palm of cleanliness neither to Catholic nor heretic, neither to Christian nor to Jew; but without hesitation he assigns it to the Yezidis, or "Devil Worshippers." In the East it seems that personal and domestic cleanliness is the peculiar attribute of those singular religionists who offer up their devout homage to the enemy of God.

His lordship is fond of expressing "his wish to view every thing with an unprejudiced eye." This is not, however, the only instance in which he is true to the motto of his house, "*Volo, non valeo.*"

At Vienna Lord Carlisle heard bad things from the *Viennese aristocracy* of the morals of the people, *except the highest classes*. The "old priests" also the same aristocratic informants spoke ill of. Of the emperor and court he thus writes:

"The court, including the present emperor, I believe to be irreproachable in morals. The present young emperor showed great modesty and diffidence; he is an excellent son, and very much attached to his mother, the Archduchess Sophia. What I collect about his character is,—I believe he is spotless in morals, very conscientious in the performance of duty, determined to do all himself, very simple, and without any turn for display. This is all on the promising side; on the other, he as yet seems almost exclusively devoted to the army: it is natural for him to feel that he and the monarchy owe every thing to them. Those who surround him are thought to be narrow and hard, and there have been some symptoms of hardness in his own character; on the whole hitherto the good appears to me to predominate."

Some of Lord Carlisle's descriptions of scenery, as well in Austria as in the East, without being exactly striking, are written in a pretty, pleasing style, evincing a delicate appreciation of natural beauty, without any very remarkable power of giving it expression.

Halting at Jozenberg, in Wallachia, his lordship falls in with a fellow-countryman who had been for seventeen years a resident engineer of the Danubian Steam Company. His report of the character of the population is, that

"he has not found them dishonest, but most incurably lazy. It is quite impossible to make them work, except under the pressure of immediate hunger; and that is by no means a constant incentive in a country of immense natural fertility."

* *Rambler* for November 1854.

Lord Carlisle adds that

“many were standing and lying about in their loose tunics, red sashes, high woollen caps, and most unwashed sheepskins (a common vesture it seemed to me of all the Danubian races), models of picturesque filthiness. I do not know what is most to be wished for these populations. I am inclined to believe that they have scarcely advanced a single step since the conquests of Trajan; and one gets to feel that almost any revolution which could rouse their torpor and stimulate their energies, which could hold out a motive to exertion, and secure a return to industry, with whatever ingredients of confusion and strife it might be accompanied, must bring superior advantages in the end. As far as I can make out, there seems to me to be a general distaste for the Russians. The hopes of human progress do not lie in that quarter.”

Here the ordinary apprehension which either occurs or is very quickly suggested to the mind of every Englishman when venturing to pass strictures, however just, upon the social condition of any people, whether Russian serf, Eastern or Virginian slave, struck our traveller, and he adds:

“When I remark on the neglected and abused opportunities which surround me on every side, I do not disguise from myself what may be retorted upon us Englishmen with respect to Ireland; but even if there should be no people whom the Irish may not match in their occasional misery, there are at all events amongst them copious indications of energy and character, in whatever direction they may be developed; while in these regions, blessed with a genial climate and generous soil, man, as yet, has only seemed to vegetate.”

This is not the first occasion upon which Lord Carlisle has borne his testimony that it is neither to want of “energy” nor “character” that the condition of the Irish people is to be attributed. No man has enjoyed more opportunities of forming a just opinion upon the subject; and Irishmen will not easily forget one memorable occasion upon which he gave it fearless expression, at a period, and before an audience, which rendered the task by no means an easy one. We have no doubt but that, in the sister isle, so much is Lord Carlisle’s name associated with kindly recollections, any book of his, even more trashy than the one before us, would be eagerly sought after, and find many readers little inclined to harsh criticism.

In his notice of his visit to St. Sophia, he ventures on a little politics; and states pretty openly his conviction, that if politicians experience any difficulty about lending themselves to plans tending to the dissolution of the Turkish empire, it simply resolves itself into one of finding a successor; and that

to his mind, as to that of Nicholas, the question is, how are the effects of the "sick man" to be disposed of?

There is another difficulty, however, more immediately suggested by the spot upon which he stood; and that is, what form of worship could possibly be substituted for the existing one? The passage is one worth extracting; and in the tone of philosophic indifference with which it balances the relative advantages of the Mahommedan and Christian forms of worship, it is quite worthy of Gibbon, when describing the substitution of the "crescent" for the "cross" upon the same dome. On the whole, his lordship seems to us to give the preference to the Moslem worship:

"One reflection presents itself to retard, if not to damp, the impatience which it is impossible not to feel within these august and storied walls. If politicians find that the great objection to the dissolution of the Turkish empire is the difficulty of finding its substitute, does not something of the same difficulty present itself to the candour of Christian zeal? Amidst all the imposture, the fanaticism, the sensuality of the Mahommedan faith, still, as far as its ordinary outward forms of worship meet the eye, it bears a striking appearance of simplicity; you see attentive circles sitting round the teacher or imam, who is engaged in reading or expounding the Koran; but there is an almost entire absence of what we have heard termed the histrionic methods of worship. Now, it is difficult to take our stand under the massive cupola of St. Sophia, without in fancy seeing the great portals thrown open, and the long procession of priests advance with mitre, and banner, and crucifix, and clouds of incense, and blaze of torches, and bursts of harmony, and lustral sprinklings, and low prostrations. It may not, however, be unattainable in the righteous providence of God, that when Christianity re-establishes her own domain here, it shall be with the blessed accompaniments of a pure ritual and more spiritual worship."

Of the Sultan, whom his lordship saw in a procession to the mosque of Sultan Achmet, he says:

"He looks pale, old for his age (about thirty-one, I believe), and he has lately grown corpulent. The impression his aspect conveys is of a man, gentle, unassuming, feeble, trusting, doomed. No energy of purpose gleamed in that impassive glance; no augury of victory sat on that still brow. How different from the mien of the Emperor of Austria, as he rode at the head of his cohorts; though that may not have had any special moral significance! The Sultan looked like Richard II. riding past; Bolingbroke, however, had not yet arisen."

Such is one of the most popular and fashionable books of the day. It tells us nothing that the world did not know before; nor does it convey old truths, or old ideas, in a shape

or in a style to form a substitute for originality. Of deep thought, of brilliant fancy, of accurate observation, of a keen perception of character, there is not a trace in any thing his lordship has ever written. He is an amiable mediocrity, with an evident tendency, as has been observed of him, to write "*small books*" and deliver "*nice lectures*." That his books will be read, and his lectures listened to, we entertain no doubt. An "author amongst lords" offers peculiar attraction; but Lord Carlisle will never succeed in being regarded as a "lord amongst authors."

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Alexandria and her Schools: Four Lectures. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) Mr. Kingsley had a very good subject given to him, but we cannot say he has made the most of it: he has used it rather as a vehicle for the dissemination of his own views than in a conscientious historical spirit. With respect to his views, the less said the better; though now-a-days it is positive praise to say that a man is not a Pantheist, and this praise Mr. Kingsley certainly deserves by his eloquent vindications of the personality of God. But with regard to our Lord, whom he only names as the Logos, he certainly holds Arian or even Gnostic errors: the Logos is defined to be "the Deity working in space and time *by successive thoughts*." While he holds this genealogy of successive *Æons*, he is pleased to be very severe on Catholics for their "dæmonology and fetish worship," and for the celibacy of the monks, on which he theorises in a wild and weary manner. *Apropos* of publishing his book at Cambridge, he says some things that are worth comparing with Father Newman's remarks on university education, and the value of which makes us the more regret that he did not treat his theme objectively and historically as a university, rather than subjectively and viewily as a garden of theories. The teaching of the university, however dry it may appear, is found in after-life to have given the student "something which all the popular knowledge, the lectures and institutions of the day, and even good books themselves, cannot give—a boon more precious than learning—the art of learning. Instead of casting into his lazy lap treasures which he would not have known how to use, she has taught him to mine for them himself; and has, by her wise refusal to gratify his intellectual greediness, excited his hunger, only that he may be the stronger to hunt and till for his own subsistence."

Again: "'Sir,' said a clever Cambridge tutor to a philosophically-inclined freshman, 'remember that our business is to translate Plato correctly, not to discover his meaning;' and paradoxical as it may seem, he was right. Let us have accuracy, the merest mechanical accuracy, in every branch of knowledge. Let us know what the thing is which we are looking at. Let us know the exact words an author uses," &c.

Those who know that Mr. Kingsley is a "Christian Socialist," will, of course, be prepared to find in his book the usual liberalism of the day, and the vulgar puffing of "nationalities" so usual with our social

philosophers; nevertheless, he is an author who should be read, a powerful writer, and a representative of a large school of "thinkers."

Philosophy at the foot of the Cross. By J. A. St. John. (London, Longmans.) The last time we came across this gentleman, he was howling out denunciations against kings and Jesuits in his "Nemesis of Power." Now he aggravates his voice so as to roar as gently as any sucking dove; he babbles of green fields, of night wanderings, of rocks and trees, and so on, under the hallucination that he is talking philosophy. We fully acknowledge the truth of his opening sentence; but it would be truer were it in the present instead of the past tense: "The blackness of darkness," he says, "covered my soul." Towards the close of the book he finds rest and light for his distracted and obfuscated heart in the arms of a pretty Jewess, to whom he blasphemously applies the texts of Solomon's song. He marries her, and in due course, when the happy papa looks into the face of his baby, he understands how wrong he has been in seeking for secular wisdom. Wonderfully transcendental, no doubt; almost worthy of those poets who read in a cloud, a leaf, a stone, or a raindrop "thoughts too deep for tears," and who found a whole system upon a tear or a daisy. But we do not profess to understand the thing, and on the whole are inclined to congratulate ourselves that we do not. It is about as much philosophy as it is phlebotomy. The only reflection that we can suck out of it is this: "What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!"

The Mysteries of the Faith: the Incarnation. By St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This, the second volume of Father Coffin's edition of the complete works of St. Alphonsus, contains the Meditations, Discourses, and Devotions on the Birth and Infancy of our Blessed Lord. They are among the most attractive and characteristically touching of the Saint's writings. Father Coffin has prefixed to it a very interesting little preface, pointing out that fundamental truth of Christianity, that it is by contemplating God manifest in the flesh that we are to attain to the knowledge of God in that divine nature which was His from all eternity. The translating continues to be every thing that can be desired; and, to come to minor matters, it really is a consolation to see so good-looking and well-printed a book upon our table; though we wish that the press had been more sedulously corrected.

The Prospective Review for November 1854. (London, John Chapman.) This number of the Quarterly Review of the old-fashioned Socinian school contains an article on "Ecclesiastical Rome: her Faith and Works," which is one of the most curious things we ever met with from a Protestant hand. The writer gives an historical sketch of the conduct of the Catholic Church at three of the most momentous periods of her history—viz. the struggles against Arianism, Pelagianism, and the Reformation—and actually asserts that the doctrines then defined on the divine nature of the Eternal Son, on grace and free will, and on justification, were the best possible which the state of Christianity then allowed! We have not space for detailing the reviewer's course of statement at length, or for pointing out the various incidental mis-statements and misconceptions into which he has fallen; but we can assure our theological readers that the paper is well worth reading by those who would understand the varieties in the modes of thought which prevail amongst the more religious, candid, and learned of the schools of Protestantism. It is impossible not to feel the deepest interest in the working of minds like that which dictated this remarkable essay—the

more remarkable from its non-imputation of bad motives to the Roman Pontiffs. We can scarcely credit our eyes when we read the following in a Socinian Review:—"We have no hesitation in saying, that no one who himself holds a spiritual faith can look deeply into the nature of *historical* Arianism, and not see that its religious affinities were essentially unspiritual; that, on the other hand, the religious affinities of *historical* Sabellianism, and all the forms of heresy which strove to sublimate the derived or finite nature of Christ, were essentially *unmoral*; that the triumph of either class of heresies would have been a grave misfortune to the Christian Church. It has always been the *tendency* of Arianism to separate human nature from God." Would to God that the amiable, thoughtful, and (we trust) pious writer of these words could know what Catholic dogma is, not as a *transitory mode* of preserving truth, but as a literal transcript (so far as human language can go) of that which has existed, and will exist to all eternity! Beautiful *to the eye* are the colours into which light is broken when passing through the prism; but it is the pure, white, unbroken light which comes direct from the sun, and is given to be the guide of our footsteps.

Theologia Germanica. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. (London, Longmans.) A friend of ours in his Protestant days passed through various phases of religion; among the rest, he adopted the pietist opinion that it was shocking to be religious from fear of punishment, or from hope of reward, or from any other motive but pure love. A German divine, whom he met one day in company, hearing him express these sentiments, "cottoned" to him, as the Yankees would say; and the two got on swimmingly for some time, till, to our friend's horror, the German expressed the reason of his opinion, "because I do not tink dat dere is a hell." Our friend dropped his new acquaintance as if he had been a hot poker.

Heretical as the author of the *Theologia Germanica* undoubtedly is, he certainly would have disowned his English editors quite as strongly as our friend was repelled by his German acquaintance. And thus the book reads us a valuable lesson, as showing to what base uses we are sure ultimately to be put, if we open a door for the admission of ever so little and so seemingly unimportant errors. The morsel of leaven kneaded up in the mass will corrupt the whole, and render it savoury in the nostrils of the most outrageous heretics. The old pietist *Theologia Germanica* is accepted and praised beyond the stars, not because its editors believe it to be true, but because they think it will be useful in the present crusade against the eternity of punishment. It has become a mere political pamphlet to subserve the purposes of the Maurice-ian association for the abolition of hell-fire.

The *Theologia Germanica* is believed to have been written by a member of a German association of persons calling themselves Friends of God, among whom were B. Henry Suso, Tauler, Nicholas of Strasburg, Henry of Nordlingen, and others of unimpeached orthodoxy; but which, as this book proves, contained also members of no orthodoxy at all, such as Nicholas of Basle, a secret Waldensian, who ventured into France, and was burned for a heretic at Vienne in 1382. The present book is supposed to have been written about the year 1350, and to have been (in part) inspired by the speculations of Nicholas of Basle; and certainly internal evidence would seem to prove it. The opening chapter is tainted with the errors of the Albigenses. "'That which is perfect' is a Being who hath comprehended and included all things in Himself and His own substance, and without whom and beside whom

there is no true substance, &c. . . . for He is the substance of all things. . . . Now is not that which hath flowed out of it something beside it? Answer: this is why we say, beside it and without it there is no *true* substance. That which hath flowed forth from it is no true substance, and hath no substance except in the perfect, *but is an accident, or a brightness, or a visible appearance, which is no substance, and hath no substance except in the fire whence the brightness flowed forth, such as the sun or a candle.*"

In other words, God exudes nature as water generates steam, or fire light. This is the foundation of the *Theologia*; then comes the superstructure. Since God is every thing, and nature, self, and the devil are the rest, and this *rest* is nothing, sin consists in making it any thing. Every thing but the most entire abnegation of "I, and me, and mine," and of all creatures whatever, is sin. Self must be annihilated, and entirely absorbed into God; every thought of self must be banished; that religion is worthless which is based on hope of reward or fear of punishment; though, with marvellous inconsistency, the author declares "all the great works and wonders that God has ever wrought or shall ever work in or through the creatures, or even God Himself with all His goodness, so far as these things exist or are done outside of me, can never make me blessed, but only in so far as they exist and are done and loved, known, tasted, and felt within me." Two systems were evidently struggling for the mastery in him. Though on the one hand God is all, and there is nothing that is not in some way or another He; yet on the other, self, and nature, and the evil spirit are realities, engaged in a determined struggle against the Divine. Pantheism and Manicheism meet together in his mind; and end, not by neutralising one another, but by shaking hands and occupying the throne conjointly, to the utter confusion of all rational consistency.

Hence it is that this book has been patronised by every heretic. Luther published an edition of it, and called it the best theological book existing, after the works of St. Augustine; and no wonder, for here we have the first sketches of several of Luther's crazy and exaggerated speculations. Every one knows his comparison of man's will to a poor jade ridden alternately by God and the devil, in his book *De Servo Arbitrio*. Here we have substantially the same idea (chap. 22): "It is written that sometimes the devil and his spirit do so enter into and possess a man, that he knoweth not what he doeth and leaveth undone, and hath no power over himself; but the evil spirit hath the mastery over him, and doeth and leaveth undone in, and with, and through, and by the man what he will. . . .

"Now a man who should be in like manner possessed by the spirit of God, so that he should not know what he doeth or leaveth undone, and have no power over himself; but the will and spirit of God should have the mastery over him, and work, and do, and leave undone, with him and by him, what and as God would; such a man were one of those of whom St. Paul saith, 'as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' . . .

"But I fear that for one who is truly possessed with the spirit of God, there are an innumerable multitude possessed with the evil spirit. This is because men have more likeness to the evil spirit than to God; for the self, the I, the me, and the like, all belong to the evil spirit, and therefore it is that he is an evil spirit."

Hence, of course, the man, the self, does not co-operate with God in the work of salvation; he simply receives and feels, but does nothing. From this principle we may derive the five propositions of Jansenius,

the hundred and one propositions of Quesnel, and all the rest of the pietist and quietist absurdities.

This feeling, or passive acquiescence in the movements within us, is the Lutheran idea of faith, which, according to that heresiarch, and according to the principles of this book, is alone necessary for salvation. Hence, then, it is truly said by Bunsen to have prepared the popular intellectual element of the Reformation. Moreover, by teaching that God is all, and that the persons of the Christian Trinity are merely manifestations or participations of this great Pan—"for the perfect good is all, in all, and above all . . . not somewhat, this or that, which the creature understandeth, otherwise it would not be the all, nor the only one, and therefore not perfect . . . and when this perfect good *floweth into a Person able to bring forth*, and bringeth forth the only-begotten Son in that Person, and itself in Him, we call it the Father"—it leads directly to the systems of modern German philosophy, which result in making God a mere creature of the mind, a way of conceiving the perfect good; and hence, probably, it recommends itself to the Chevalier Bunsen, who contributes an introductory epistle to the volume, in which he lauds it as the best Christian philosophy, the foundation of Lutheranism on the one hand, and of the transcendental metaphysics of Kant and his successors on the other.

Lastly, the book is published by Mr. Kingsley with the evident intention of impressing people's minds with the idea that real religion cannot be founded on the fear of hell; that to fear hell is simply absurd; that one hardly knows whether there is a hell, or whether hell is not merely a state of mind, namely, ignorance of God. For evidently, if there is a hell, it is not a question of right and wrong, but of reason or madness, whether or not it is to be feared. To believe it, and not to fear it, is simple insanity.

Bad as all this is, we have no doubt that many a good Catholic has used the book with profit. There are so many beautiful reflections, and so many practical precepts that remind one almost of Thomas à Kempis, or still more of the Blessed Henry Suso, that it would be worth clergymen's while to read it. Among other things, they will find a chapter (chap. 14) where the whole system of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius is sketched out. The book appears to us to be scarcely dangerous to those through whose minds the language of pantheism and quietism which we have quoted passes without leaving an impression. People generally only find in a book what they look for: a person looking for edification will find here much to his purpose; a person looking at it critically will be obliged to find the gravest faults with every other chapter in the book.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A Commonplace-Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, original and selected. By Mrs. Jameson; Illustrated. (London, Longmans.) Mrs. Jameson has proved herself to be so sound and elegant a writer on subjects of Art, and she has exhibited so much truly feminine delicacy and taste, both with pen and pencil, that we are quite sorry to see her wander from her own path, and present herself to the public (so to speak) in Bloomer costume; and this not unconsciously, but with so much of *malice prepense*, that she even favours us with an elaborate refutation of the commonly-received distinction between masculine and feminine excel-

lence. For all that she may say, we look for more modesty, less self-display, less assumption of strong-mindedness, less setting up of oneself as a model for others, less of the exhibition of one's own excellences and high-mindedness in insincere confessions, in a woman than in a man; especially when the woman is no exception to the average quality of her sex, and is stronger in feeling and imagination than in reason. Let us give a specimen of her reasoning powers. She is finding fault with the educational movement in England: "All this talk," she says, "is of systems and methods, institutions, schoolhouses, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, school-books; the ways and means by which we are to instruct, inform, manage, mould, regulate, that which in most cases lies beyond our reach,—the spirit sent from God. What do we know of the mystery of child-nature, child-life? What, indeed, do we know of any life?" As though one should object to M. Soyer's shilling cookery movement for the million: "All this talk is of roasting and boiling, sauces, saucepans, man-cooks, woman-cooks, eatables; the ways and means by which we excite, inform, manage, stimulate, regulate, that which in most cases lies beyond our reach,—the heaven-sent digestion! What do we know of the mystery of stomach-nature, stomach-life?" Very little in theory, but practically quite enough to warrant our preference for French cookery over the raw-flesh-feasts of the Abyssinians; as our knowledge of "child-nature" is quite enough to make us think that schoolmasters and school-books are rather important auxiliaries to the budding intelligence. But on the whole, we would rather keep our cookery free from the scientific admixture of doctors' stuff, and our pedagogy independent of the profound and transcendental mystagogy of Mrs. Jameson. We have no wish to see the rising generation blessed with such a "strong nature" as that of Mrs. Jameson and her friends, who "will accept no intervention between the infinite within them (whatever that may be) and the infinite above them;" who, in common with all people with massive brows, knit them in silent protest whenever hell is mentioned; who think it a very material view of Christianity to assume that the doctrine of another life is essential to it; and even were they certain of annihilation, would be no less sure of its truth "as a system of morals exquisitely adapted for the improvement and happiness of man as an individual, and equally adapted to the amelioration and progressive happiness of mankind as a species." When a lady tells us that our religion would be true, though the resurrection were a fable, we think we may safely advise her to leave philosophy to more masculine heads, and to continue to exercise her feminine sensibility on the Art-subjects in which she has already distinguished herself. We are bound to add that, whether in consequence of her kindly nature, or of her German rationalism and liberalism, or of her love for Catholic art, she is very candid and kindly spoken towards Catholics. The illustrations of the book, evidently from her own pencil, are very pretty and tasteful.

Heartsease, or the Brother's Wife, by the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. (J. W. Parker.) The rapidly-risen reputation of the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* will not suffer from *Heartsease*. In some respects it is one of the cleverest stories we have read for many a day. It is a novel of character and domestic incident; its interest lying entirely in the development of motives and feelings under the influence of ordinary circumstances; with the addition (in some instances) of religious principles of the "Anglo-Catholic" school. The introduction of this latter element is, however, in no way obtrusive or controversial; and it consequently constitutes a source of interest to the general reader, as much

as would the study of the working of any other of the endless motives which mould the human character. The general tone of the story also is healthy and sound. One exception, indeed, we must make in the instance of a certain Miss Marstone, a conceited and self-relying prig, introduced by the authoress *for a purpose*; but as a creation of art a mere wooden puppet, unworthy of bearing company with the living men and women among whom she is thrust.

The defect of *Heartsease*, as a whole, is its length. The authoress evidently writes with such extreme ease, and finds so much pleasure in the elaborate delineation of her characters, that she never knows when to stop. The result is, that though there are singularly few pages in themselves tedious, the book is a quarter or a third as long again as it ought to be. Surely the incidents and troubles of one *accouchement* would have been enough to bring out the heroine's moral beauties in the most interesting of situations. The brother-in-law also, a very excellent personage himself, and not a bad companion, rather bores us at last with the reminiscences of his deceased betrothed. Even of Theodora, the sister, and the best-drawn character in the story, we have too much of the same thing over and over again; though, in her case, her nature being so admirably conceived, and worked out with such remarkable skill, we can tolerate more lengthiness, than in that of babies and departed "models." A friendly voice should suggest to the accomplished authoress the danger she incurs in thus letting her inclinations run away with her critical faculty. With Miss Marstone also before our eyes, we cannot help adding a further warning—beware of Dr. Pusey!

Selections, Grave and Gay, by J. de Quincey. Miscellanies, Vol. 2. (Edinburgh, J. Hogg.) We begin to get tired of Mr. De Quincey; whether through his fault or our own, we cannot say: the gambler who has lost his patience as well as his money knocks down the poor pedestrian, because he is "always tying his shoe against that post." We feel inclined to knock Mr. de Quincey down for much the same reason. He never does any thing else than tie knots, in order to untie them again; he has a mind that would have made the fortune of a vagrant disputant of the middle ages; what to other writers is a mere fancy, disposed of in a sentence or two, he beats fine, or spins out into an essay or series of essays. He collects good stories, and tells them well; but the thread on which he strings them is so hair-brained, so crazy, sometimes—as in the essay on murder, with which this volume opens—so cold-blooded, that one's teeth are set on edge, and one's patience exhausted, after some twenty or thirty pages. His essays have no object, except perhaps to prove how clever he and his friends are; when you have read them through, you have mastered, not a new idea, but a whim. Still he is an able writer, and those who have nothing else to do may reap a kind of grim amusement from the perusal of his Miscellanies.

Christmas Book.—The Rose and the Ring, by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (Thackeray). (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) The most boisterous, moonstruck, aimless, shrewd, and funny of fire-side pantomimes, with Hamlet and Cinderella, the immortal Jenkins and the great Count Tufskin Hedzoff jumbled into a hodgepodge, with the most miscellaneous plunder of nursery rhymes. Those who consider Mr. Thackeray's books to have a feline character, to be beautiful to look at but dangerous to handle, because of their ugly claws, need be in no fear about the present kitten: it is the best-natured little creature; its claws are retracted behind its velvet-pads, and not even the most sensitive of grandmothers

need fear that their darlings will be scratched in playing with it. Jenkins himself might roar with laughter at the part given him in the story. It is more funny and witty even than "Stumpingford."

Architectural Studies in France. By the Rev. J. L. Petit, F.S.A. Plates. (London, G. Bell.) Almost the first thing that strikes us in the abundant illustrations of this very handsome and useful volume is the absence of progress in the examples, the sameness of type which runs through nearly all of them. It must at once occur, that these "studies" are not meant to represent the series of styles of mediæval art that succeeded one another in France; but that they indicate an inductive process, a collection of instances, a search for a typical form from an examination of many specimens. And this we find to be the case. The result of the author's studies is the recommendation of a new style to Anglican Church architects, founded on the Romanesque domed churches, whose form was adopted by the architects of the Renaissance, but with "trabeated" and Grecian details, little in accordance with the "arcuated" principles of the construction. In fact, he would have a modified St. Paul's, or St. Stephen's Walbrook, with details rather Romanesque than classical. Our private opinion is, that the style in question will never be restored in the present age of economy in materials; nothing can look more poverty-stricken and bald than a Romanesque design deprived of its monstrous piers and massive thickness of wall; but Anglican architects are very welcome to try this new compromise between Gothic and classical art.

It must be evident to any one acquainted with the glorious churches of France, that Mr. Petit has made a very unsatisfactory selection; in spite of the quaintness and picturesque character of many of the Romanesque buildings, they were either bad imitations of ancient examples, or else tentative efforts after the expression of a new idea, which was destined to give birth to numerous abortions, before it blossomed out into the early pointed system. This last appears to us to be the real mother-style of Gothic art, the fruitful storehouse of prolific principles, whence the architectural genius may start, and give a new and beautiful development to a style which seems to us far from exhausted. Let any one who has visited Paris remember the church of St. Eustache. In that noble edifice, one of the dying efforts of Gothic art, a new idea seems opened to architects, one that has not hitherto been worked out in any other building of importance. But we must reserve our idea to be developed hereafter.

Painting and celebrated Painters, Ancient and Modern. By Lady Jervis. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) This work is founded on that of M. Valentine, frequently modified in the translation, and with additions, the most important of which is a list, after each life of a painter, of the examples of his works to be found in the various public and private collections in England. The book is certainly useful, though the introductory chapters on ancient art are extremely vague, not to say occasionally obscure; for instance, what does her ladyship mean by the following? "We also find a monk of the name of Luca, the painter of several Madonnas, similar to those of the mystic books attributed to the Apostle St. Luke." There are also several mistakes in the orthography of names; we read of the church of San Petrona in Bologna, and of that of the Friari in Venice. It is a pity that a useful and good book should be disfigured by such untidy blemishes.

The Quiet Heart. By the Author of "Katie Stewart." (Edinburgh, Blackwood.) A proud, cold, selfish and dull hero, who is intended to

be very clever, but who, from want of inventive power in the author, does not say any thing remarkably brilliant, is reclaimed from his "disloyalty to nature" by the "quiet heart" and Scotch accent of Menie Laurie. In spite of all ending pleasantly at last, the author has not power enough to make such materials tell. The characters are not life-like, and there is not sufficient plot to outweigh this defect. The interest of the piece was intended to turn upon "tone" and character, and when these fail there is no "second plank" to save it.

Poems, by Matthew Arnold, 2d series. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Arnold, as might be expected from the name which he inherits, gives us thought, sense, and scholarship. But he affects the peculiarities, without rising to the beauties of the classics; and his verses are rugged, and read like translations. He seems to have thought in Greek or German, and then laboriously turned it into English. Among other poems, we have a defence of mystic nature-worship. Man, says a youth,

"Man has a thousand gifts,
And the generous dreamer invests
The senseless world with them all:
Nature is nothing! her charm
Lives in our eyes that can paint,
Lives in our hearts that can feel!"

The youth grows old; he stands behind a balustrade, and the sweetest sights and sounds of nature visit him:

"And he remembers
With piercing untold anguish
The proud boasting of his youth;
And he feels how nature was fair."

Moral:

"Sink, O Youth, in thy soul
Yearn to the greatness of nature!
Rally the good in the depths of thyself!"

This is simple folly, after all. It is the modern system, which makes a fetish of a buttercup; and, like the ritual of Zoroaster, makes more of confessing our sins against nature and the elements, our "profanations of the beauty of nature," than our crimes against holiness and charity.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical Notices, by H. W. Longfellow. (London, Sampson Low.) Mr. Longfellow presents us in this bulky volume with translations from the poetry of the six Gothic languages of northern Europe, and of the four Roman languages of the south. His object has been to bring together into a compact form as large an amount as possible of those English translations which are scattered through many volumes, and therefore not easily accessible. To each division a dissertation on the national language and poetry is prefixed, and the extracts from each author are introduced by a notice of his life and writings. The volume forms quite an encyclopædia of poetry, and a good deal of valuable information is collected in the dissertations. The compiler deserves great credit for the labour he has evidently bestowed on the work. Not many of the translations are from Mr. Longfellow's own hand.

Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions; a Narrative of the various Exploring Expeditions, by P. S. Simmonds. This judicious and popular compilation, having already run through five editions of a more expensive character, is now published in a cheap railway form by Mr. Routledge. It gives in a compendious form all that the ordinary reader will care to know on this subject.

Miscellanies, Critical, Imaginative, and Juridical, contributed to Blackwood's Magazine, by Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S. 2 vols. (Edinburgh, Blackwood.) Mr. Warren is certainly one of our most popular writers. His "Ten Thousand a Year," in spite of its pages of maudlin piety and its affected sentimentalism, and his "Diary of a Late Physician," appear to keep possession of public favour, for they are now being issued in a cheap form. The present volumes contain the author's miscellaneous articles, and show the man's character well; he is a staunch Protestant, a great stickler for sentimental piety; but thinks lying a virtue in a lawyer, being an admirer of that astute, unprincipled cunning which always knows how, and is willing, to make the worse appear the better reason; he is, moreover, ultra Tory in his politics and feelings, affected and very conceited, and therefore not likely to have any great influence on men's thoughts. But the touching character and truth of his domestic scenes, will always secure for him that large class of readers which wants excitement. His *Miscellanies* are well worth preserving. As a specimen of how confused his language becomes when he leaves his own for a more serious style, we subjoin a sentence from vol. i. p. 264. A Life of Marlborough will be, he says, a history of the war of succession. "Well, be it so, if only because that war it is of importance to have better known than in fact it is."

Anecdotes of Animal Life, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, F.L.S. (London, Routledge.) 2d edition. Illustrated. The idea of this work is capital; but its execution is not all that could be wished. Why the author should have omitted all mention of the wise elephant, of all birds and of all fishes and reptiles, when he gives anecdotes of rats, mice, stoats, dear (*sic*), bats, hyænas, &c. is past our finding out. Nevertheless, as far as it goes, the book is a nice one, and contains a great variety of anecdotes of animal instinct, a subject that we should think would be very interesting to our young friends.

Children's Books.—1. *Words by the Way-side, or the Children and the Flowers*. By Emily Ayton. Illustrated (London, Grant and Griffith), shows how a serious governess instructs her pupils in morals and behaviour, besides making "Geology, Zoology, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy, by turns display their bright pages," and consenting "to unfold to their wondering minds some of the fascinating mysteries of Astronomy." We are bound to say that in the present volume the young ladies do not enter very deeply into any of these subjects.—2. *Playing at Settlers, or the Faggot House*. By Mrs. Lee. Illustrated. (London, Grant and Griffith). A story of little people building a kind of log-hut in their father's park, with all their small sports: refreshing doubtless to juvenile readers.—3. *Little Plays for Little People*. By Miss Corner. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, Harrison Weir, &c. "Beauty and the Beast," "Whittington and his Cat," "Mother Goose," "Puss in Boots," "The Children in the Wood," "Cinderella," &c. &c. If we were children, we should prefer this style of book—world-old nursery and fairy tales dramatised for the capacities of little actors. Play-acting is a capital Christmas amusement for children; it exercises their memory, gives them confidence; and without doubt there is more real food for the imagination in the old traditional legends of the nursery than in all the stories of good children and naughty boys that were ever penned. There is nothing objectionable to Catholics in Miss Corner's attractive and prettily illustrated volumes.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Illustrated by the Etching Club. (London, Joseph Cundall.) The illustrations are not the original cop-

per-plate etchings, but woodcuts from them; they are beautifully done, and the book is got up in such a way as to be a handsome present.

1. *Lalla Rookh*, by T. Moore. 2. *Irish Melodies*, by Ditto. (London, Longmans.) Two 32mo reprints of these popular pieces.

Wild Sports in the far West, by F. Gerstaecker. Translation, with illustrations, by Harrison Weir. (London, Routledge.) The sale of this exciting book has already reached the third thousand.

Mr. James's *Russell, a Tale of the Reign of Charles II.*, is one of the last issued volumes in the "Parlour Library." (Hodgson.) It is one of the most favourable specimens of Mr. James's powers, and may be safely recommended.

Waller's Poetical Works. Edited by R. Bell. (London, J. W. Parker.) Waller's personal history was little like that of the ordinary race of rhymesters. A man of family and fortune, his difficulties were in great part the results of his own mismanagement and miscalculations. The ups and downs of his life are well told in Mr. Bell's biographical sketch. As a poet, he has no high rank; though he can claim the title of having materially aided in imparting a correct metrical system to the poetry of England. Still, some of his occasional verses are pretty enough; some even beautiful: witness the well-known stanzas, "While I listen to thy voice," and "Go, lovely rose;" to the latter of which Kirke White added a fifth stanza, in a strain rather above that of a poet of King Charles's days.

The Second Report of the Cork Young Men's Society. (Cork, Reoche.) If we may judge by the good sense, good taste, and good feeling which characterise this little pamphlet, the Cork Young Men's Society is one of the most promising associations of the day: we most heartily wish it success. Its place of meeting seems to indicate that the young men of Cork are in good earnest, preferring religion and literature to politics; for that which was lately the People's Hall is now the Young Men's Society's Hall.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Contemporary Recollections in History and Literature, by M. Villemain (*Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature*, par M. Villemain). (Paris, Didier.) Even in the books of the most gentlemanly and considerate English writers, Catholics are but too certain of finding things to wound their feelings,—misapprehensions and base insinuations, if not barefaced insult and calumny. This is not the case in the respectable literature of France, even when it comes from men who do not make much account of religion in their own persons. Whatever their internal recalcitrations may be, they are too polite, or too affectionate to their "sainted" mothers and sisters, or too politic to depreciate what honest souls value: "To have any chance of enduring, you must have honest people on your side." Moreover, they are afraid that if religion fails, they will have the red-republic in its place; and this fear was sufficient to convert even a Thiers to a semblance of respect for the Church. This is the case with the present *Souvenirs* of M. de Narbonne, of the Sorbonne in 1825, and of the salons in Paris in 1815. Though M. Villemain allows to himself a certain laxity, not to say indifference, he respects the convictions of others; so that a Catholic can read him with plea-

sure, if not with profit. And yet there are important lessons to be learned from the career of a man like M. de Narbonne.

Elevations on the Immaculate Conception of Mary, par L. P. Pin (*Elévations sur l'immaculée Conception de Marie*, par L. P. Pin, Ancien Missionnaire d'Amérique). (Marseilles, Olive). A little book of meditations, of which we can best give an idea by reproducing a paragraph, word for word, capitals, notes of admiration and all. "O VIRGINITÉ! O VIRGINITÉ! O VIRGINITÉ! Nous vous devons et la PATERNITÉ éternelle, et l'éternelle FILIATION, et par suite aussi l'éternelle PROCESSION! Nous vous devons donc également la MATERNITÉ divine, et, en définitive, JESUS-CHRIST, notre Dieu et Sauveur!! Ma langue, devant vous, O VIRGINITÉ! est sans parole, et mon cœur sans puissance et sans mouvement! Nous vous devons donc, O VIRGINITÉ! O FÉCONDITÉ infinie! oui, nous vous devons donc toutes choses; puisque nous vous devons l'adorable Trinité, PROTO-PRINCIPE et PROTO-TYPE de toute créature!!"

Those who like this style of theology, devotion, and typography, will find themselves abundantly gratified in M. Pin's *Elévations*.

Studies on Man, by N. V. de Latena (*Etude de l'Homme*, par N. V. de Latena). (Paris, Garnier, 1854.) M. de Latena was told that he ought to have read other persons' books before publishing his own observations on the nature of man. "This opinion even has an *appearance* of reason," he owns; "yet I have adopted quite a contrary one." His notes, he says, are rather jumbled together; "yet as the matters treated of are very complicated, it was impossible to avoid this *apparent* confusion." In considering each separate attribute of the human soul, he says that he has "established the only possible distinctions; and he believes that he has smoothed the way for study and reflection." He believes that all sides will own, after mature deliberation, that he has always preserved the mean between the erroneous extremes. This preface, of a man who owns that he knows nothing of the labours of his predecessors, disposed us to augur rather unfavourably of the contents of the book, and its perusal convinced us that M. de Latena is no philosopher. His general observations, especially those he calls "proofs," prove nothing except the shallowness of his thought; for though right sentiments prevent his coming to any bad conclusions, right reason does not prevent him from drawing his good ones from premises which do not contain them. In his particular observations he is more happy; and some of his paragraphs might be added with advantage to those of that class of authors who have spent their time in noting the characteristics of social man. Let us give an example: "The praises of a friend signify sometimes that your work is better than he could have expected. But the public, more disposed to criticise than to admire, judges the work without thinking of the author. Success among your friends does not guarantee you from failure with the public."

M. de Latena has probably found the truth of this sentence. The public will hardly occupy itself much with such mediocrities as the following (which is, after all, a fair specimen of our author's aphorisms): "The true satisfies the reason; the beautiful charms the taste; the sublime transports the soul to the highest regions of thought and feeling." We will parallel this sentiment with one of an old parson whom some of us have known: "One egg in a pie is good; two are better; three are extravagant; four are an abomination!"